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The American Mercury

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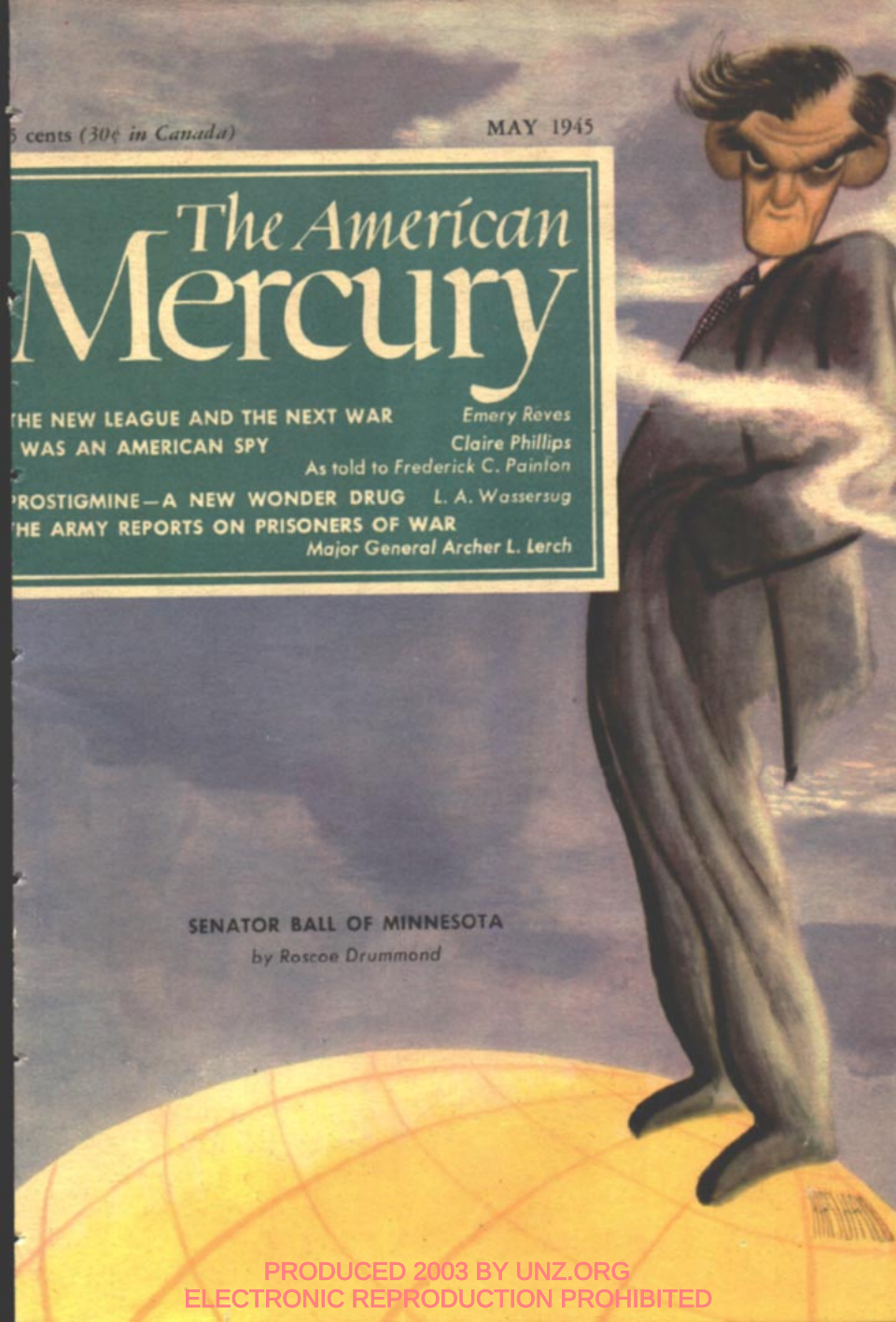
THE ARMY REPORTS ON PRISONERS OF WAR
Major General Archer L. Lerch



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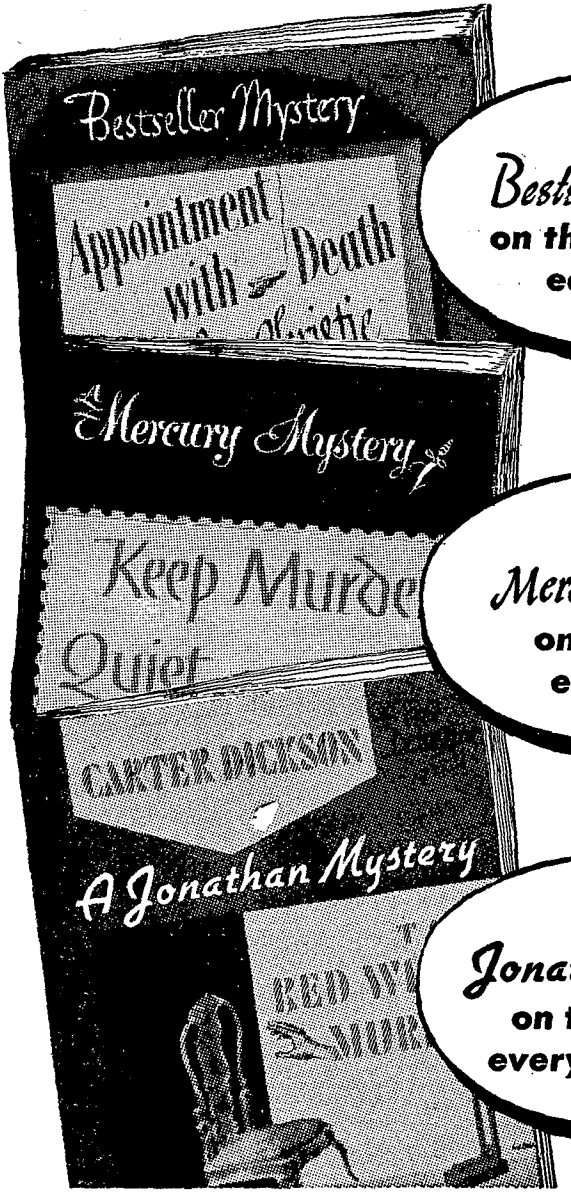

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME LX

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MAY, 1945

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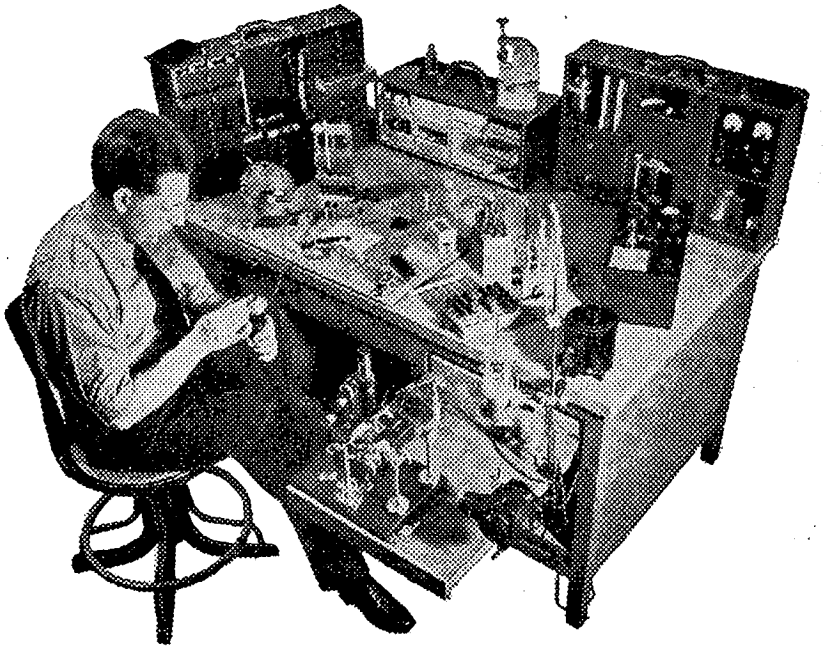

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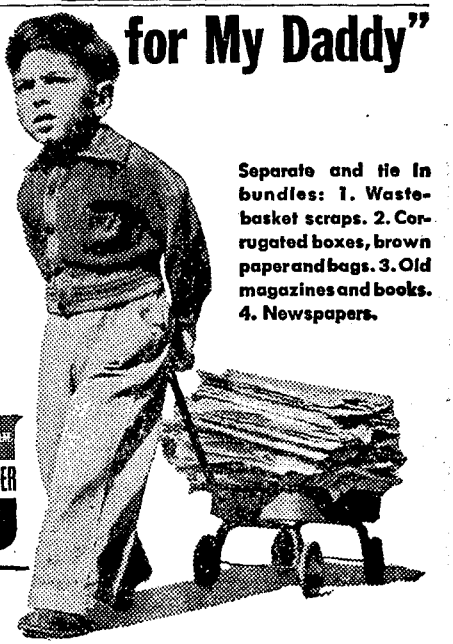

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VOLUME LX MAY, 1945 NUMBER 257

The American
MERCURY

THE NEW LEAGUE AND THE NEXT WAR

By Emery Reves

It is taken for granted that we can never abolish war between nations, because war is in the nature of man. It is even more widely accepted that war has innumerable causes and that to try to abolish all of them would be a hopeless task.

We must refuse to accept such apparently true but basically deceptive statements if we would avoid becoming the helpless victims of superstition. No one really knows just what "human nature" is. But even if we assume that certain evils *are* part of "human nature," we would still have no reason for refusing to investigate the conditions that cause the evils to become deadly and the possibility of avoiding their devastating effects.

Since man began to think about life and himself, it has been generally accepted that appendicitis and gallstones were in the "nature" of man. Indeed, they are. But after thousands of years, during which men died from these fatal evils of "human nature," some people had the courage to take a knife and cut open the diseased part to see what was happening. The result is that appendicitis and gallstones continue to be in the "nature" of man, but man does not necessarily die from them.

Superficially, it looks as though wars have been waged for a great variety of reasons — economic, religious, political, psychological, geographical. Yet if we analyze what seem to be the manifold causes, it is not difficult to observe certain marked similarities.

Why did cities once wage wars

EMERY REVES *is the distinguished authority on international affairs, whose book,* A Democratic Manifesto, *published in 1942, is still very much alive. This article is from his forthcoming book,* The Anatomy of Peace, *which Harper will publish.*

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against each other and why do they no longer fight each other with weapons today? Why, at certain times, did great landowner barons war with each other and why have they now ceased that practice? Why did the various churches plunge their adherents into armed warfare and why, today, are they able to worship side by side without shooting each other? Why did Scotland and England, Saxony and Prussia, Parma and Tuscany, at a certain period in their history, go to battle against each other and why have they ceased fighting today?

A careful study of human history reveals that the assumption that war is inherent in human nature — and therefore eternal — is only a superficial impression. Far from being inexplicable, the situations that predispose to war can readily be determined.

The real cause of all wars has always been the same. They have occurred with the mathematical regularity of a natural law at clearly determinable moments as the result of clearly definable conditions.

If we try to detect the mechanism visibly in operation, the single cause ever present at the outbreak of each and every conflict known to human history, if we attempt to reduce the seemingly innumerable causes of war to a common denominator, two clear and unmistakable observations emerge:

1. Wars between groups of men forming social units always take place when these units — tribes, dynasties, churches, cities, nations — exercise unrestricted sovereign power.

2. Wars between these social units cease the moment sovereign power is transferred to a larger or higher unit.

From these observations we can deduce a social law with the characteristics of an axiom, applicable to and explaining each and every war:

War takes place whenever and wherever non-integrated social units of equal sovereignty come into contact.

War between given social units of equal sovereignty is the permanent symptom of each successive phase of civilization. They always ceased when a higher unit established its own sovereignty, absorbing the sovereignties of the conflicting smaller social groups. After such transfers of sovereignty, a period of peace followed, which lasted only until the new social units came into contact. Then new wars began.

The causes and reasons alleged by history to have brought about these conflicts are irrelevant, as they continued to exist long after the warring period had ceased. Cities and provinces continue to compete with each other. Religious convictions are just as different today as they were during the religious wars.

The only thing that did change was the institutionalization of sovereignty, the transfer of sovereignty from one type of social unit to another and a higher one.

Just as there is one and only one cause for wars between men on this earth, so history shows that peace — not peace in an absolute and Utopian sense, but concrete peace between given social groups which had previ-

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ously been at war — has always been established in one way and only one: by setting up some sovereign power *over* and *above* the clashing social units, integrating the warring units into a higher sovereignty.

II

All the peace treaties ever signed, all the alliances ever concluded on this planet, the Covenant of the League, the proposed United Nations organization, the principles of collective security, are *identical* in their fundamental conception. They all arbitrarily divide the world into a number of sovereign social units, create a *status quo*, and try to prevent any changes in the established order except by unanimous consent, which makes no sense; or by force, which makes war.

The debate among the representatives of the nations in drafting the charter of a world organization in San Francisco is exclusively limited to formalities and technicalities which have absolutely no bearing upon peace and the future of mankind. All the representatives of national governments are in full agreement in rejecting the only foundation upon which a peaceful international order could be constructed.

One of the technicalities is the question of voting within a council of sovereign nations. In a society without any system of law, no individual would ever trust a judge, a jury of a court, even if composed of the most eminent and selfless of his fellows. No individual would ever freely submit his personal freedom and fortunes to the judgment of any group of men composed of members with no higher authority than his own. Individual members of a society are prepared to submit to one thing alone — law. They are ready to submit to social institutions only insofar as those institutions are the instruments of law.

Such law is non-existent in our international life. It has been excluded from the League and from all projects for a coming world organization. Under these circumstances, there can be no peace among nations.

To base "peace" on the unanimous decisions of a certain number of sovereign national governments — in the present day, on the unanimous decisions of the five greatest military powers — means indulging in a day dream.

History proves beyond doubt that real danger to world peace always emanates from one of the major military powers. It is to be expected that in every situation threatening the existing order, one of the major powers will be seriously involved. It is clear that the major power will not cast its vote in any international council against its own interests. Consequently, in no major crisis will unanimous vote in the security council be obtainable. Whenever such conflicts arise, as they are bound to arise, the only course open to the others will be to let the events of Manchuria, Austria, Ethiopia, Spain and Czechoslovakia repeat themselves — or go to war.

But even if the nations were pre-

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pared to accept majority decisions within such a world council, the problem would remain unsolved. Majority decisions in a council of sovereign nations would be wholly unrealistic. If in a given situation, three of the major powers voted for a certain military intervention, while the other two voted against such a measure, these two powers could scarcely be pictured taking up arms and undertaking military action contrary to what they regard as their own national interests.

So the whole debate on unanimous vote versus majority vote on issues arising in a Security Council of a world organization is irrelevant because in neither case could a decision on an issue involving a great power be enforced without precipitating a major war.

The conclusion to be drawn is this: The fundamental problem of regulating the relations between great powers without the permanent danger of major wars cannot be solved so long as absolute sovereign power continues to reside in the nation-states. Unless their sovereign institutions are integrated into higher institutions expressing directly the sovereignty of the community, unless the relations of their people are regulated by law, violent conflicts between national units are inevitable. This is not prophecy, not even an opinion, but an irrefutable axiom of human society.

Just as a council of delegates and representatives of fifty sovereign cities, defending the interests of their respective municipalities, could never create a united nation, a national legal order, peaceful relations between the citizens of the fifty cities, security and freedom of the individuals living within each sovereign municipality — so the representatives and delegates of fifty sovereign nations meeting in a council and defending their own national interests, will never arrive at a satisfactory settlement of any problem concerning interrelations of the sovereign national units.

Peace, freedom and equality of men on this earth, between the nation-states, require specific institutions and authorities separate from and standing above national authorities, as well as the direct delegation of sovereign power by the people to these higher world government authorities, to deal with those problems of human relations that reach beyond the national state-structure.

In all the projects and plans of a world organization the determining factor continues unchanged to be the nation-state. All power continues to rest with national governments. There is no direct relationship between the "international" organization and the individual.

Sovereign source of law remains scattered in *many* units. This must always mean violent conflict as long as sovereign power continues to reside in each separate unit.

Peace between the conflicting units, it cannot be repeated too often, is possible only if their relations are regulated by a higher sovereign authority embracing all of them. Once this is recognized, the use of inter-

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national force will be truly and automatically binding, since real law implies its application by force.

But without previously enacted laws for international conduct, any proposal to use force is immoral and dangerous in the highest degree. It is an unforgivably false conception to believe that force without the preexistence of law can maintain peace and prevent war, if the decision as to its application rests with the individual sovereign nation-states forming the international society.

The tremendous volume of irresponsible talk on this most delicate problem has warped the judgment even of the most illustrious leaders of the United Nations. The police force, as conceived at Dumbarton Oaks, is no different from the legions of the Roman Empire or the armies of the Holy Alliance. They would be armed forces of sovereign powers or power-groups and instruments of particular interests.

III

To revive the old League of Nations or to create a United Nations Council composed of representatives of sovereign nation-states, is an extremely simple proposition, although many people become emotional in debating the comparative rôles of great powers and small powers in such a council. The "idealists" plead for equality between great powers and small nations in the world organization; the "realists" want to give a preponderant rôle to the great powers, who under any circumstances would have to assume responsibility for checking aggression.

The realists who advocate the resurrection of the League of Nations under another name, but "with teeth" in it, arrive at the peculiar conclusion that since no great power would accept military action against itself without resistance, the use of force is practicable only against small nations. So what they really say is that the use of force against a small nation can preserve peace, but force could not be applied against a great power because that would provoke war.

The hair-raising hypocrisy of mankind is truly astonishing. What this theory amounts to is that the theft of a pound of bread by a poor man is an illegal act to be prosecuted, but the fraud of a millionaire banker must remain beyond the authority of law.

The assertion that the use of force against a small nation is "police power" whereas the same coercion against a great nation is not "police power" but war, is mere abracadabra. It is the result of muddled thinking, of ignorance of the meaning of the words and terms employed. It is not an attempt to shape policy according to principles; it is an attempt to justify an immoral and intolerable policy by elevating it to the level of a principle.

This great power versus small power controversy may go on forever, as it has all the characteristics of a meaningless issue that can be endlessly debated by an avalanche of words hiding

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particular interests and subjective feelings. From the moral point of view, it is hard indeed to choose between great powers and small nations. All great powers behave like gangsters. And all small nations behave like prostitutes.

They must. Under present conditions (not unlike those of the Wild West) each great power mistrusts the others, must be permanently armed, keep its gun loaded and within easy reach to shoot it out with the others, if it wants to survive and keep its position. And the small powers that have no guns and would never dare shoot it out with one of the big fellows, must go with those who promise them most, and in return for this protection, do whatever is demanded of them.

In the face of these realities, an organization of such sovereign nations, whether on an equal or an unequal footing, could never prevent another war. It is idealism raised to the *n*th degree of naïveté to believe otherwise. Such a council of sovereign units could prevent another war only if it could change human nature and make it act and react differently from the way it has been acting and reacting throughout the ages.

IV

Those who cannot understand the fundamental difference between a universal legal order and a league or a council usually urge us to be "practical." If the people and the governments are not ready or willing to accept more than a council composed of sovereign nation-states, then let us at least take that, runs the argument. Let us make a "first step," a beginning.

The trouble with League-Council proposals, however, is that a League or a Council does not initiate anything. It is not a first step. It is a continuation. A continuation of error, of a fatally bad and disastrous policy.

It is a negative step. It is a step away from our goal. If we want peace between the nations, then a council of sovereign nations takes us backwards. A council of sovereign nations artificially prolongs the life of the nation-state structure and in consequence is a step toward war.

The "practical" men who preach that a world organization of sovereign nation-states is a realistic approach to our problem are the finest specimens of those eternal political reactionaries Disraeli once defined: "A practical man is a man who practises the errors of his forefathers."

What then would be a positive step in the direction of real world peace?

The same Winston Churchill who, when his country's darkest hour was over and the Battle of Britain won, subscribed to the Atlantic Charter and all the other documents and declarations that are leading us astray and strengthening the nation-state structure for the next war, once performed an act of statesmanship which makes any excuse for taking the wrong course now seem perfectly ridiculous. In the

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hour of gravest peril, when Hitler's hordes were victoriously trampling the soil of France, on the very eve of French capitulation, on June 16, 1940, the British Ambassador to France handed the following draft declaration to the French government:

> At this most fateful moment in the history of the modern world, the governments of the United Kingdom and the French Republic make this declaration of indissoluble union and unyielding resolution in their common defense of justice and freedom against subjection to a system which reduces mankind to a life of robots and slaves. The two governments declare that France and Great Britain shall no longer be two nations but one Franco-British Union. The constitution of the Union will provide for joint organs of defense, foreign, financial and economic policies. Every citizen of France will enjoy immediate citizenship of Great Britain, every British subject will become a citizen of France.
>
> Both countries will share responsibility for the repair of the devastation of war, wherever it occurs in their territories, and the resources of both shall be equally, and as one, applied to that purpose.
>
> During the war there shall be a single war Cabinet, and all the forces of Britain and France, whether on land, sea or in the air, will be placed under its direction. It will govern from wherever it best can. The two Parliaments will be formally associated.
>
> The nations of the British Empire are already forming new armies. France will keep her available forces in the field, on the sea, and in the air.
>
> The Union appeals to the United States to fortify the economic resources of the Allies and to bring her powerful material aid to the common cause.
>
> The Union will concentrate its whole energy against the power of the enemy no matter where the battle may be. And thus we shall conquer.

This proposal of union between France and Great Britain embodies the fundamental principles of future society, as opposed to the principles of the past expressed in the Covenant of the League of Nations, the Atlantic Charter, the Dumbarton Oaks documents and all possible San Francisco proposals. And it was a *concrete, official* proposal.

In view of this historic event, how can it be said that "the time is not yet ripe" for such measures? Is it too much to expect people to use the same remedy when there is still time for it to be effective?

The meaning of the twentieth century crisis is that the eighteenth century nation-state structure of total political independence and absolute national sovereignty is in irreconcilable conflict with the modern world of total economic interdependence. The Atlantic Charter, the Dumbarton Oaks proposals, the old League covenant, alliances, non-aggression pacts, the ideal of collective security, are all conceptions based on the 18th century principles of absolute national sovereignty and national self-determination. If we remain on that road, if we do not have the vision and courage to undertake the first step toward a constitution upon which a legal order can be built to regulate the already existing interdependence of the peoples, then the next war between the surviving, non-integrated sovereign nation-states can be taken for granted.

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EAST AND WEST

By Pearl S. Buck

It has long been a fashion to say that the East is "spiritual" and the West "material," but, like many common things that are heedlessly spoken, it is not true. This particular saying is not always heedlessly spoken, either. It is repeated by the frustrated on both sides of the world. Those Westerners who have not had what they wanted out of life have taken refuge in thinking themselves too sensitive for their environment, too fine for the appreciation which they would like and do not get, and they have declared their environment too crass and their neighbors too coarse to understand their delicate qualities. It is natural that these should think wistfully of the East which they do not know but which they have heard is less material-minded than the West.

But there are frustrated souls in the East, also, who out of a sort of inverted pride and a certain jealousy of the extreme material prosperity of the West, have declared that such prosperity was beneath the peoples of the East, who think more of their souls than of their bodies. Out of a secret conviction of inferiority one will hear some men from the East then cry out against that materialism of the West and proclaim their own spiritual superiority.

All of this is nonsense. The East is neither more nor less spiritual than the West, and the West is neither more nor less materialistic than the East. Indians and Chinese love their comforts and their food and their wealth as well as any American does and will do as much to get them. I do not find, East and West, any difference in this sort of thing.

Extremes of wealth and poverty are more vast in India, and probably in China, than they are in the United States or in England today. The people of India take their religion hard, as most oppressed peoples do, but China takes religion very lightly indeed, and, by and large, the Chinese are a practical and materialistic people, with a shrewdness which often makes them disliked in other Eastern countries. I do not doubt that even in India the people will pursue religion far less heartily when their bodies are

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better fed and industries provide jobs as well as labor aids.

This may be said of all men alike — they prefer to have food rather than to starve, to have shelter rather than to be homeless, to be healthy rather than diseased, to live long rather than short lives, to be happy rather than sorrowful. Given the choice between a comfortable life on earth and a possible heaven afterwards, people, East and West, will choose a good life on earth.

Then where did this myth about the spiritual East and the material West come from? It has its roots in a sort of truth, and this truth can be simply stated. The East, generally speaking, will not sell all it has for more of anything. People over there like to enjoy life. They will not work so hard that they have no time for simple pleasure in living, in eating, in sleeping, in playing with their children, and in talking with their wives and families. They will not take on two jobs if they can pay their bills with one, for two jobs eat up their time and distract their minds. They do not want to think constantly about work. They enjoy work less than other things. This is not to say they are lazy. They are not in the least lazy. They put an enormous amount of energy into their skills and pastimes. But to work merely to earn more money than they need is to them not sensible. They are ambitious, but not most of all for money, because all that they want cannot be bought with money. Peace cannot be bought with money, and fun cannot be bought with money, nor laughter, nor time to smoke and drink tea, nor time to make flower gardens and write poetry, or to walk on the hills carrying a bird cage, or to play with children.

In the West money does seem necessary for what people want. A car, two cars, a house, two houses — one in the city, one in the country — gadgets, labor-saving machinery, fine furniture, all these things are desirable but expensive, and so money is the first requisite. Men spend their lives in making money to buy things.

Competition, too, is keen in the West and not very keen in the East. To have more cars, more houses, better houses, finer furniture, more expensively dressed wives and daughters than one's neighbor has, these are desirable in the West and again money is needed. But the average man of the East would reason that he cannot ride in more than one car or live in more than one house at a time, nor sleep in more than one bed, and he does not want other men or women envying his wife and daughters, nor does he want to envy others theirs, so why does he need so much money?

II

It is not that one man is more spiritual than the other, or more materialistic. It is simply that the values in East and West are different. The man in the East wants more out of life itself than the man in the West does. He wants plenty of peace and pleasure for him-

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self, and he will not work more than enough to get him as much peace and pleasure as he wants. If anything, the East is more materialistic than the West. The East, being so old, knows how short life is. Man's years pass so quickly, and the time for keenness of the senses is over so soon. Therefore enjoyment of life cannot be put off, for in old age the senses are dulled, and man can enjoy but a little. He can eat only a little food and drink only a little wine and the day is over for passion. To waste one's youth, therefore, in making money would to the man of the East seem the sheerest folly.

But one cannot live among the people of the East without feeling something more than this, too. Again this something is not spiritual, in the sense of being other-worldly. It is, rather, intensely human. There is in all the old countries of the East, so much older and more crowded than other parts of the world, an extraordinarily delicate consideration of the human individual. Can this be true, one may ask, when one sees the suffering of beggars and of the diseased and poverty-stricken? Even so, there is consideration beyond anything we of the West know. I mean that there is a deep sense of the importance of psychological understanding between persons and peoples. The real materialism of the West lies in its ignorance of the importance of such psychological understanding. The average citizen of a western country is apt to scoff at anything so intangible as human relations. The feelings, the state of mind, the personal peculiarities of an individual are dealt with impatiently if at all. The result is an amount of personal frustration and unhappiness which is really astounding, in view of the material comforts and aids of our civilization.

"Man cannot live by bread alone," is a saying of the Orient which we of the West have never believed or understood. We have shallowly interpreted it as meaning that we need religion as well as factories, but that is not what it means. The people of the East know it means that a man is not necessarily happy because he has bread to eat and possessions enough. They know it means that he has certain needs of the heart and the mind that must be satisfied, too. He needs appreciation and understanding and tolerance and patience. He has a psychic life as well as a physical one.

The peoples in crowded old countries of the East have lived so closely together that they know the happiness of all depends upon the happiness of the individual, and individuals can only be happy when they are allowed personal freedom to be themselves, inside the security of the close human unit of family and community, and therefore each individual must be dealt with by others as an individual. Grandfather has grandfather's needs. He is old and talkative and somebody must listen to him talk and answer him and make him feel welcome and respected. And little grandson is small and does not know how to behave yet

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and so too much must not be expected of him and he must be allowed to have enough of his own way to keep him happy, and yet not so much that he is a nuisance to other people, and he must be taught, without frustrating him too much, that he must consider the needs of others and not only himself.

All this is done not from a religious or spiritual motive, but from plain common sense. Everybody is happier if all are happy, and the end of life is to be as happy as one can be. It is practical to make others happy, for the sake of one's own happiness, not because God wants us to do so.

The emphasis on human happiness is, I believe, the greatest gift which the East has to give the West. The free peoples of the East are certainly the happiest in the world, even as the slave peoples there are the saddest in the world. For the people of India have the same conviction about happiness as the people of China — they also would like to be happy, but none can be happy without freedom.

But human happiness is not only dependent on human freedom — it is dependent, too, on knowing how to enjoy life and the simple gifts of life, on good family life and pleasant community fellowship, on all the human relationships, first of all. To understand human relationships and to know what is required in each is the beginning of happiness in the nation, the peoples of the East believe.

The Chinese early defined the human relationships and the duties required. These requirements emphasized psychological understanding rather than material support. The material support was to be only so much as was necessary to remove fear and suffering from the mind.

We of the West need to have happiness restored to us, not through a new spiritual rebirth, in the sense of a new religion, but through a plain and simple return to what makes people really happy. The East is right about it — what makes a human being happy is to feel himself wanted and understood and appreciated. The fabulous courtesy of the East is not a ritual, but simply oil to grease the machinery of human relationships.

And the people of the East need from us the physical aids which will make them still more happy — science to heal disease and to remove a crushing labor and to provide more food.

There is nothing incomprehensible in the East or in the West. We are like men digging a tunnel through a mountain. We have begun at opposite ends but the goal is the same — human happiness. We ought to meet somewhere one of these days and find that each faces the other's light.

Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used till they are seasoned.
— O. W. Holmes

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SENATOR BALL OF MINNESOTA

By Roscoe Drummond

With but four short, history-packed years in the Upper House behind him, young-oldish, forty-year-old Joseph Hurst Ball, Minnesota's junior United States Senator, is, in effect, a politician without a party and a powerful national influence without any appreciable national following.

Politically, at the moment, he is in a state of suspended animation. Despite bolting his own ranks to support the President for a fourth term, he has not formally left the Republican Party. Despite voting with the Administration more often than voting against it, he has shown no sign of joining the Democratic Party. He is waiting — waiting undoubtedly on events and the shape of leadership in both parties. With a candor uncommon to the average politician, he admits that "what my party course will be in the future, I don't know."

Twice — at really critical and uncertain moments in national affairs — Ball has demonstrated the capacity to take a bold, unorthodox, risky cause to the country at large and, even more significant, to win wide public endorsement for his views. In both cases he went beyond his own party. Two years ago, when the Republican Party was getting ready to rid itself of Wendell Willkie and when Mr. Roosevelt was timid about making any decisive move toward building America into the peace, Senator Ball stepped out to become the spark-plug of the famous B2H2 resolution — so named because introduced by Senators Ball, Burton, Hatch and Hill. It was designed to commit the Senate to authorize and support an immediate United Nations Council temporarily to administer liberated areas, to direct all relief, to create "machinery for peaceful settlement of disputes" and to establish "a United Nations military force and to suppress by immediate use of such force any future attempt at military aggression by any nation." Ball's missionary work — and that of his colleagues — gave incalculable impetus to the Senate's 95 to 5 passage of the more timid but internationally minded Connally resolution pledging adherence to a world organization for peace, by force if that should be necessary.

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Ball took the political risks when they really were risks, particularly for a Midwestern Republican Senator. Along with Roosevelt, Willkie and Stassen, he stands among those who have led the nation to accept a mature foreign policy.

In 1940 Ball was telling a peace-minded American people that they could preserve their freedom only by intervening in the war which had begun in Europe; in 1943 he was urging the isolationist Midwest to support the immediate establishment of a United Nations organization with large delegated powers; in 1944 he advised Republican internationalists that, in his judgment the best way to achieve a secure peace was to vote, however reluctantly, for the fourth term. In all these opinions, he was advocating "unpalatable and unpolitical solutions." Because of his courage, it is now politically popular for Republican Senator Vandenberg to advocate that the President be authorized to use instant armed force, without consulting Congress, to repress Germany and Japan in the future.

Senator Ball's second major excursion into political unorthodoxy was this rejection of his party's 1944 Presidential nominee and his active campaign for the fourth term. For his services, Ball asked nothing of Mr. Roosevelt, was offered nothing and got nothing, beyond the public commitment that the Administration would fight for maximum American participation in a world security organization. Thus Ball has become a thorn in the side of the Republican Party, of which he is still nominally a member, and a burr in the saddle of the President, whom he substantially supports but without acknowledgment of any debt and any allegiance. In little more than four years in the Upper House — two as appointed and two as an elected Senator — he has won from his colleagues on both sides of the aisle a restrained admiration, a certain awe and puzzled apprehension.

It becomes increasingly evident that Joe Ball is either a political accident that happened when nobody was looking or a major omen on the political horizon — an omen that the American people are becoming less partisan-minded, more concerned with purposes than with parties, and more exacting in their demands for a candid, even if unpalatable, public discussion of national problems.

Ball is both accident and omen, part cause and part effect, all rolled into one. It appears extremely doubtful that he could call for the defeat of Republican and Democratic isolationists in half a dozen states, come out for a fourth term, continue to vote more frequently against his party than with it, and emerge with greater popular support in his home state and elsewhere, unless his own course of action was unconsciously paralleling a new trend in American political life.

The significant truth is that, having broken with the Republican Party in the last Presidential campaign on the ground that it was faltering and

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indecisive on both domestic and foreign policy, Senator Ball is today astride the long delayed but now emergent realignment of the political forces behind both major parties. Through a curious dualism he imparts stimulation to and receives benefits from this movement.

II

Today Senator Ball is in the forefront of the two transcendent issues which are splitting the ranks of both sides. The prime issue concerns the extent to which the Federal government should police and sustain the nation's economy as partner, umpire, financier and job-provider. The Administration's acceptance of such a rôle for the Federal government lies behind Mr. Wallace's appointment as Secretary of Commerce. It is what caused Democratic Senator Harry F. Byrd of Virginia to declare that "this issue was causing the biggest split we've ever had in the Democratic Party," and to serve the stern political warning that "there is nothing in common between the Southern Democrats and the CIO wing" of the Roosevelt-Wallace leadership.

Typically, Senator Ball came out publicly for confirming the Wallace nomination well before he would have to vote on it, and at a time when his own correspondence from Minnesota constituents was running heavily against Wallace. Ball favors a strong Federal "Fair Employment Practices" act, which many Southern Democrats and conservative Republicans, led by Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio, are attempting to kill.

In foreign affairs, too, Ball has been the bellwether among the dissidents of his own party. He was interventionist when the Republicans were voting against aiding the Allies. He was internationalist long before the GOP became substantially detached from its isolationist moorings.

In bringing these deep cleavages to a focus, Ball is now helping to make possible — and many believe imminent — a reshaping of the Democratic and Republican Parties, conceivably before the next national election. He understands that both parties are divided within themselves at the same time; and they are divided over the same fundamental issue — postwar economic policy.

The Senator himself puts it this way:

"The Old Guard in the Democratic Party has far more in common with the GOP Old Guard than either group has with the liberals in its own party. The Republican Party cannot win the confidence of the country even with a strong, progressive domestic program if it insists upon saddling that program with a reactionary foreign policy. The American system can and will survive domestic blunders, but neither our enterprise system nor our democratic institutions will survive a third World War; and the American people, knowing that, will be reluctant to return the GOP to office (it could have one more

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Harding landslide in it) so long as it offers neither candor nor trusted leadership in world affairs."

Already events foreshadow drastic changes in the American scene. Within the next two years the conservative South, which controls most of the machinery of Congress, may well recapture the machinery of the Democratic Party. Then, New Deal left-wing labor is going to have to bolt the non-New Deal Democratic Party and seek new allegiances. It will most likely attempt to combine with the liberal forces of the Republican Party of which Ball would be one of the active independent leaders. Or if, as is entirely conceivable, the Political Action Committee of the CIO captures the machinery of the Democratic National Committee, in which it already exerts a strong influence, then Southern Democracy is going to have to walk out and look for new tie-ups. It will probably be receptive to an alliance with the conservative forces of the Republican Party, with whom Ball would then make a permanent break.

III

When Ball first received an appointment from his friend, former Governor Harold E. Stassen, he came to the Senate from a state which seemed to be perfectly content to be represented by two of the country's most implacable isolationists — the late Ernest Lundeen, whom he succeeded, and Henrick Shipstead.

His appointment was received in anguished silence — and, as it was later proved, with good reason — by the regular Republican organization of Minnesota. He began to preach interventionism immediately. When his appointive term was up he stumped every crossroad and farmhouse of Minnesota, and in the end the voters, who had previously elected one of the best friends the Nazis ever had in Congress, Mr. Lundeen, decided to return him to office in his own right.

Joe Ball's unconventional political behavior springs, at least in part, from his unconventional preparation. Judged by political standards, any man who has never been elected to public office and has never held appointive office until he is plunked down in the middle of the Senate, is likely to be non-conformist. Stassen probably knew what would happen — and it did. Ball's five years as a state political writer for the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press* both helped and handicapped him in active politics. The newspaper training at digging out the facts and getting at the heart of a question, Ball finds useful in Congress; but it also leads him away, he says, from "partisan approach or any strong feeling for party." He doesn't mind, but he finds others do.

Ball has worked all his life, from boy to manhood — as did his father — and it is an added source of independence that he would be perfectly satisfied if the voters decide to send him back to newspaper work. The elder Ball, born in Kansas, an om-

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nivorous reader, liberal and agnostic, ran away from home at fourteen, was admitted to the bar in Kentucky but never practised. He worked with the railway express, taught school, and then went into the land business. Joe was born at Crookston, Minnesota, where the farms which his father was operating were wiped out from under him in the early 1920's.

Joe found his three and a half years at Antioch College particularly enjoyable and stimulating. He liked the idea of half work and half study, and he was impressed by Arthur E. Morgan's, of TVA fame, "strong, vigorous mind — a liberal, except that he insisted on everyone accepting his brand of liberal ideas." At first Joe wanted to go into chemical research, but he decided that his large, angular hands were not adapted to such delicate work, shifted to civil engineering and finally found he preferred to write. He has at different times earned his living by operating everything from a steam shovel to a typewriter, from which has flowed a certain amount of trash for the pulps. He married Betty Robins, almost before she had settled down to work in the morgue of the Minneapolis *Journal.*

In Washington the five Balls — Father, Mother, Jennifer, fifteen, Peter, twelve, and Sara, four going on five — live a routine which is virtually a one-family co-operative. Up at 6:45 weekdays, Joe gets breakfast while Betty oversees face-washing and dressing. The children make their beds, and twice daily Joe washes the dishes while Betty dries them. At 8:30 they both drive down to the Senate office building in their campaign-weary 1931 Ford; here Mrs. Ball, as confidential secretary, shares her husband's political life as he shares her home work. A member of two of the Senate's most important committees, the Mead — formerly the Truman — Committee investigating the war effort, and the Education and Labor Committee, Ball is strategically close to Congressional policy-making on highly controversial matters. And, as in the instance of the recent statement from the sixteen freshman Democratic and Republican Senators supporting the President's peace plans, on the eve of the Crimea Conference, he operates more behind the scenes than he does on the floor of the Senate or within his own party.

His basic ideas are clear and vigorous. "There is danger," Ball holds, "that if we fail to meet adequately through democratic processes the problems of peace, both domestic and international, America might turn to an organized group offering solutions by unconstitutional procedures which in the long run might lead to dictatorship. It can't be too clearly realized that what politics needs most in the United States is leadership willing to face facts and offer people solutions to problems based on facts, however unpalatable and unpolitical. My belief is that only through such leadership can our democracy survive and solve the problems of the years ahead."

Today he is looking ahead to new

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"unpalatable and unpolitical solutions." He would like to see the President of the United States empowered to use instant force, upon vote by the United Nations Security Council, to repress any aggression against the peace anywhere in the world.

Furthermore, he would like to see the United States experiment with a parliamentary system of government comparable to Britain's, in which the executive and legislative branches are merged in a single authority, and he would favor calling a Constitutional Convention to work out these drastic changes in the structure of the Government as soon as possible.

He is ready to see the Federal government guarantee something close to 60,000,000 job opportunities if private enterprise is unable to do so. He believes Big Labor must be as constructively regulated as Big Business; that labor leaders must permit their friends to devise regulatory legislation which will impose standards of democratic procedure on unions. He holds "that the Government cannot afford, if we really intend to preserve the freedoms of the individuals, to tolerate a monopoly on opportunities by either unions or industry."

Thus far, Senator Ball has been doing all right as a politician without a party, and as a national leader without any organized following. And if the realignment of the two major political parties now in the making actually materializes — as there is much evidence to expect it will — one of those parties will probably join Senator Ball where he now stands.

CONTAGION

By David Morton

The green look of the leaf,
The blue look of the flower,
The accent of each
Is on this hour,
On all I see,
On all I do,
The innocence of green,
The happiness of blue.

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THE ARMY REPORTS ON PRISONERS OF WAR

By Major General Archer L. Lerch
The Provost Marshal General

Recently a letter came across my desk from an irate resident of a New England state. Enclosed was a clipping of a newspaper photograph. This particular photograph was one of a layout that had been published by the paper showing a typical prisoner of war camp in this country. It showed the prisoners in their barracks, in their mess hall, working in the quartermaster laundry, in the motor pool, and doing contract labor in a nearby cannery. The picture that caught the New Englander's eye, however, was one that showed the German prisoners playing soccer in their compound after their day's work.

"When our sons, brothers and husbands are dying, why are these beasts petted and pampered here?" he scribbled across the top of the picture, and then added, cryptically but apparently as an afterthought: "Ye gods! What ails our Army, anyway?"

Thomas Bailey Aldrich once said: "My mind lets go a thousand things, like dates of wars and deaths of kings."

That man's mind had "let go" that historic scene in the United States Senate in 1917 when the Senate condemned the German Kaiser, Wilhelm II, for terming the solemn treaties of his government "scraps of paper" and then declared war on Germany. His mind had "let go" another historic day in the same United States Senate in 1932 when the Geneva Convention — a treaty between this country, Germany, Great Britain and forty-three other powers — was ratified. This treaty lays down the rules governing the treatment of prisoners of war and supplies the answer to why the prisoners were playing soccer. The Geneva Convention not only allows such sports, but states that they must be "encouraged."

Probably there are many other people in the United States who would like to receive first-hand — from the

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one who is in charge — a comprehensive statement of the War Department's policy in handling the thousands of prisoners now in this country. You have heard much of that story second-hand, often from people who based their opinions on rumors and inadequate information.

Any discussion of American treatment of prisoners of war must begin with a discussion of the Geneva Convention. That Convention is so called because it was formulated by a conference of nations at Geneva, Switzerland, the neutral birthplace of many progressive international agreements, which, we fervently hope, will some day result in nations becoming better neighbors.

The War Department has followed strictly the terms of this treaty in all the orders and directives that it has issued governing the treatment of prisoners of war. And I do not believe that any thoughtful person would have the War Department do otherwise.

The Geneva Convention, I might emphasize, is *law*. Until that law is changed by competent authority, the War Department is bound to follow it.

The Convention was signed by the several powers on July 27, 1929. It was ratified by the Senate on January 7, 1932, signed by the President on January 16, 1932, and deposited with the government of Switzerland on February 4, 1932. In August 4, 1932, it was proclaimed to the world by President Hoover.

The treaty was ratified and proclaimed in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution of the United States. Article 6 of the Constitution provides:

"This Constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof and *all treaties made*, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be *the supreme law of the land* . . ."

That treaty, like other laws, can be changed, but it cannot be changed by the War Department's regarding it as a "scrap of paper." Such an attitude on the part of the War Department would mean that our government is no more honest than others it has severely condemned. It would mean that this government had sacrificed the place of honor and moral leadership that it has earned in the eyes of the world and had sunk to the level of Japan, whose emissaries talked peace while its army went to war.

I do not intend to indicate that I think the Convention should be changed. I do not think that any of us are now emotionally fitted to tackle the job of re-evaluating one of the few international laws that has withstood, with a considerable measure of success, the hatred and lawlessness that war breeds. Even Japan, which did not sign the Convention and whose treatment of prisoners has lost them the respect of all civilized persons, has shown an awareness that the treaty exists. Although at the beginning of this war Japan agreed to comply with its provisions, it has done

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little to carry out that agreement.

Nevertheless, the Japanese have allowed several shiploads of relief supplies to enter their country. Occasionally they have reported the names of American prisoners through the International Red Cross at Geneva as the Convention directs.

Why do nations such as Japan bother to keep prisoners? Why don't they shoot them on the spot? The Romans took no prisoners. But the Romans lived in the days before any international law on the subject. Just by recognizing the status of prisoners, Japan recognizes that there *is* an international law governing the treatment of prisoners of war. Recently the Japanese government made a gesture of adherence to the Geneva Convention by expressing concern over the welfare of Americans in their hands. Japanese adherence has really not gone beyond the gesture stage, but it might be the budding of some international conscience. Perhaps they see the handwriting on the wall.

II

The Geneva Convention is a seed of international comity which we hope will grow strong and serve as an inspiration and guidepost to those who would make other international laws. Today we of America are leading the world in our record of abiding by international law. Certainly if we hope to make lawbreaking unpopular, we must ourselves appear in the court of world opinion with clean hands. If we aren't going to abide by international laws, why deceive ourselves by having them? If we want to break the Geneva Convention, then why have a Dumbarton Oaks?

No, it is doubtful if those who take the long view would have the War Department do other than abide by the Geneva Convention. But we in the War Department take both the long and short views. We believe that abiding by the Geneva Convention is the best thing for us *now*, as well as in the future. We believe this because our principal objective now is to do all within our power to protect those Americans in enemy hands and bring them safely back to the homes they have so gallantly defended. We have much evidence to indicate that we can accomplish this end best by careful adherence to the Geneva Convention.

Any deviation on our part from terms of the Geneva Convention probably would result in instant retaliation by our enemies — and here I speak particularly of Germany, which, despite lapses like those recently brought to the attention of Americans by the capture of enemy prison camps, has been substantially abiding by the Convention — against thousands of American prisoners.

Every available means of transportation is being utilized by the International Red Cross to provide American prisoners of war in Germany with necessary food, medicine, clothing and blankets. Fifteen German trucks and two 20-ton German lorries have been

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hired by the International Red Cross; fifty trucks each have been donated by the American, Canadian and British Red Cross; and one hundred trucks put at their disposal by the Army in France. Another hundred trucks are being shipped from the United States. In addition, barges and railroad trains are being utilized to the maximum available by the International Red Cross inside Germany.

Approximately 8,000,000 American food parcels are either in Germany or outside its immediate perimeter awaiting shipment. The big problem is one of transportation within Germany and that condition will not lessen, rather it probably will be increased, as the Allied armies close in on the heart of the Reich.

Now what do you suppose would happen to that American boy behind barbed wire in Germany if the American government had violated its agreement? Maurice Pate of the American Red Cross has said:

> The greatest single factor which gives us strength in getting relief and maintaining regular communication with our prisoner kin is the scrupulous attitude of the American Army in fulfilling the Treaty of Geneva toward enemy prisoners. Some have lightly called this policy of our Army "mollycoddling." The truth is that the Army has maintained the highest discipline in handling enemy prisoners. It treats these men strictly but fairly and has obtained from them millions of valuable man-work hours.

And the House Military Affairs Committee, following an investigation which failed to substantiate any of the numerous coddling rumors, reported as follows:

> The provisions of the Geneva Convention of 1929 are obviously being carried out to the letter and it is well indeed that such is the case, since the slightest deviation therefrom on our part would instantly result in more than retaliatory measures on the part of our enemies against American prisoners of war in their hands. Such a contingency must not be overlooked for a single instant.

I hope that mothers and wives and fathers will remember this when they hear unthinking persons advocate a policy of retaliation on our part. It is easy to cry for retaliation when we read of excesses committed by German commanders on the battlefield. Retaliation would do no good. It can only result in a contest of cold-blooded murder. There is no end to retaliation once it is begun.

III

While still considering the "short view," the immediate advantages to this nation of living up to the Geneva Convention, let us forget for a moment the fact that the Treaty is a part of the "supreme law of the land" and that we must abide by it; and let us put aside for the moment considerations of what might happen to our own men if we didn't abide by the Convention. Let us just consider what our treatment of prisoners of war has meant to our own armies fighting in the field and what effect it has had on the fighting morale of our enemies.

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Long before the Geneva Convention was conceived in the minds of far-sighted men, another American army was criticized because it treated its prisoners well — too well, thought the critics. That army was commanded by Stonewall Jackson. A pithy man, not given to long speeches, he answered the critics simply with one sentence. "It is cheaper to feed them than to fight them."

Certainly this is true. All over the battlefront today portable broadcasting equipment is shoved up behind the front lines and soldiers of the Psychological Warfare Branch invite the Germans over for breakfast. They are accepting the invitation in increasing numbers. Sometimes, in fact, it isn't even necessary to extend an invitation as shown by a recent story filed from Somewhere in Holland by Victor O. Jones, correspondent for the North American Newspaper Alliance. Mr. Jones, one of the group of front-line correspondents who writes of what he sees from his foxhole alongside the infantryman, rather than of what he hears in the gossip spots, watched in amazement as 9th Army troops took strong fortifications around Bruchelen without resistance. Mr. Jones talked to some of the prisoners and then he wrote:

> We asked all the prisoners whether they had been afraid of mistreatment after capture. They all said their officers had told them they'd be shot or tortured, but that they hadn't believed it because they had had letters from captured comrades who told them British and American treatment of prisoners was excellent. In our GI barracks such as those you have may burn you up to hear that German prisoners are getting cigarettes when you can't, but it's not a big price to pay when you can get guys like these to come out of strong bunkers without firing a shot. After the 9th Army troops took Bruchelen without resistance they were surprised by the strength of some of its fortifications. The main body of Germans had retired, but a die-hard rear guard had been left behind with instructions to fight to the last bullet. If they'd done so, our casualties might have been much heavier than they were. From that point of view, our policy of living up to the Geneva Convention is smart tactics, even without considering other angles.

I am told that our troops found the same situation existed at Metz. There too, the Germans surrendered when they could have fought and taken American lives because they had received letters from comrades back in American and British camps telling them that prisoners are not mistreated by these nations.

So it is for all these reasons that we follow the Geneva Convention and it is within the framework of the Geneva Convention that the prisoner of war in America lives and works and eats. Some say that this is coddling. If so, 'twere not such a grievous fault. The Geneva Convention says that prisoners shall be humanely treated. We like to call our treatment "firm but fair." Americans do not want to be responsible for emaciated human bodies even in our enemies.

Let us look at the daily life of an average German prisoner of war in America. I shall call him Hans.

Hans lives in a barracks — a regu-

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seen on Army posts throughout the nation. In fact, Hans' barracks is one that was occupied by American troops in training before the majority of our soldiers went overseas. Most prisoner of war camps are located on regular Army posts where we have taken a section that has been vacated, fenced it in, erected guard towers and floodlights. It is there or in another camp like it that Hans and his fellows will live until the war's end.

Hans is awakened at 5:30 A.M. by a shrill whistle blown by an American sergeant. The sergeant probably wears ribbons. We hope he does. We are getting more and more overseas veterans among the men who are guarding and working our prisoners of war.

Hans pulls on blue fatigue pants and jumper, both marked with big white letters "PW." He hurriedly makes his bunk.

At 6 o'clock Hans has breakfast. I shall talk about his food later.

At 6:30 Hans has finished breakfast. He rushes back to his barracks, sweeps and mops under his bunk, picks up any litter that he may have accumulated overnight and, with his barracksmates, polices the outside area near his barracks. Then he completes his morning toilet, using soap, toothpaste and shaving cream that he has bought and paid for himself out of the 10 cents a day that he is furnished in canteen coupons. Hans gets an additional 80 cents a day in coupons because he works. But the Army gives him nothing outside of his food, clothing and lodging. Any other necessities he must pay for himself.

At 7 o'clock Hans is loaded into a truck with other prisoners and their guards. By 7:30 Hans is hard at work on a nearby farm. At noon he eats his lunch with his back propped against a tree in the field. Bologna sandwiches probably. Hans and his fellow prisoners like bologna sandwiches. Bologna is plentiful.

At about 4:30, the farmer begins gathering up his tools and Hans climbs into a truck for the trip back to camp. By 5 o'clock he's back in his compound, behind the barbed wire, and now he takes a shower and changes his clothes before the evening meal.

By 6:30 or 7 he's through dinner and then the evening is his. But there isn't much to do. He may play pushball until dark. Or he may climb on his bunk and listen while an English speaking fellow reads aloud from the local paper. Nearly all the camps subscribe to the local paper of that section.

Or perhaps Hans is ambitious, so he attends one of the classes taught by a fellow prisoner. It may be an English class. Lots of prisoners are studying English. Or a class in mathematics, American literature, American history, art. Or perhaps Hans is a very basic student. He may be just learning to read and write in his own language.

If Hans doesn't go to class, he may go to the PW canteen in his compound. There is one there because the Geneva Convention says there must be. It says: "Canteens shall be in-

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stalled in all camps where prisoners may obtain, at the local market price, food products and ordinary objects."

There isn't much that Hans can buy, however. He may get a glass of 3.2 per cent beer. Army regulations say that he may buy that glass of beer if he wants because the Army has found that Hans works better if he knows he can buy a glass of beer at night. The popular rumor that he is issued two bottles of beer per day is nonsense. When it is available he can buy it. Often it is not available. He may want tobacco. The Geneva Convention says that he shall be allowed tobacco. But the Geneva Convention does not say that he may have popular brand cigarettes, so he will find few popular brands on the shelves of his canteen. This is by War Department order, and that order has been in effect since the cigarette shortage began. If there are any popular brands on canteen shelves today, they are probably old stock.

Or he may attend a movie. One or two selected American films are shown each week. German subtitles are dubbed in. If he goes to this movie, however, he pays for it. He gets nothing free. Contrary to rumor, all movies and all reading matter except well known newspapers and magazines in English are censored by American officers. The story that Germans censor their own books and motion pictures is definitely untrue.

At 10 o'clock Hans is in bed and the lights are out.

It has been a dull day. It has been a day during which Hans was not mistreated, but neither was he pampered. When not working, he was behind barbed wire. While working he was never far from the guard. He obeyed all orders promptly. If he did not obey, he was subject to punishment.

Now for the promised word about Hans' food. Much has been heard about the food of prisoners of war. Although it has often been said that under the Geneva Convention his food must be the "same" as that of the soldier of the captor's army in base camps, the statement is not accurate. From the beginning we have recognized that it need only be the "same in quality and quantity." That means equal in nutritional value. It does not mean "identical." Very early, substitutions were authorized to conform to national tastes and thereby prevent waste. As certain items of food became scarce, substitutions were not only authorized but were directed. At the present time, both in the United States and in the several theatres, commanding officers are required to substitute on prisoner of war menus foods of which there is an adequate supply for foods that are in short supply.

You will notice that most of Hans' day was spent working. He did this work within terms of the Geneva Convention which has two clauses governing the work of prisoners of war. One states that "belligerents may utilize the labor of able prisoners of war, according to their rank and aptitude, officers and persons of

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equivalent status excepted." The other limits the types of work to which they may be assigned by stating that "labor furnished by prisoners of war shall have no direct relation with war operations. It is especially prohibited to use prisoners for manufacturing and transporting arms or munitions of any kind, or for transporting material intended for combatant units."

IV

Within these two clauses we have developed our prisoner of war work program and, in so doing, we changed our own philosophy in handling prisoners of war. This change came through experience. In 1941 and 1942, when we first began receiving prisoners of war in this country, we gave little thought to their labor. We had no manpower shortage then. We considered them only as a security problem. The prisoners were a necessary result of warfare and were a drain on the manpower of our army which had to furnish guards and administrative overhead to run the camps. We locked them up tightly in barbed wire enclosures, we posted guards around the fences, fed them, housed them — but got nothing in return for our trouble except the insignificant labor that they did within the enclosure, mostly directed toward their own housekeeping work. They were nothing but an economic and administrative burden.

As the war progressed, however, and we got thousands of new prisoners we began to look upon them as an untouched pool of available manpower, present in this country at a time when manpower was a desperately needed commodity. In the latter part of 1942 and early 1943 our work program began to get under way — modestly at first, to be sure, and confined almost entirely to work on army posts. The prisoners were put to work for post engineers, building and repairing roads, doing carpentry and various forms of maintenance labor; for the post quartermaster, where they worked in the laundries and as stock clerks; for the post motor pools, where they greased, washed, repaired and serviced non-tactical vehicles.

By 1943, the manpower problem was becoming even more acute, but at the same time our prisoners were increasing in number because of German reverses in Africa. From June 1943 through January 1944, thousands of prisoners — former members of the Afrika Korps — were shipped to this country.

So, in this country, we found ourselves in this position — we had a manpower shortage but we had the men to help overcome that shortage, prisoners of war. We, therefore, inaugurated our contract labor program, which I would like to explain to you in some detail.

In effect, the program simply is this:

We told the farmers and the contractors of the nation that they could utilize prisoner of war labor under the following two conditions:

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1. That under no circumstances could prisoner labor compete with free labor;

2. That under no circumstances could one employer use prisoners at a lower wage than he would have to pay civilians, because that would result in one employer being subsidized to the detriment of his neighbor.

Then we set up safeguards to insure that our two policies were carried out. To insure that prisoners will not compete with free labor, we made it mandatory that every prospective employer of prisoner of war labor must first obtain certification from the local office of the War Manpower Commission that there is no free civilian labor in the community to do the type of job that he needs done.

We insured fair application of our second policy by having the same local representative of the War Manpower Commission certify the prevailing wage for that type of labor.

When these two steps have been completed, the prospective employer then can come to the Army, and the Army will furnish him prisoners if they are available.

Now you may wonder about the pay of prisoners. Let me assure you that the prisoners never see the money paid for their labor by the contractor. The contractor's check is deposited directly into the Treasury of the United States. The prisoners receive only the 80 cents a day proposed by this country to Germany at the beginning of the war as the pay of all prisoners of war who work. Germany works our men and pays them 70 pfennig a day which, I am told, is equivalent in purchasing power to the 80 cents that we pay their prisoners.

That's the way we set up the program. Now let's see how it's working. You'll probably be surprised to know that it has developed into a $100,000,000 a year business — in 1944. Here's how the $100,000,000 was realized:

Private contractors paid the Government over $22,000,000 after deducting contract allowances for transportation, housing and subsistence. This profit to the government was possible through the program I have just outlined to you — because we required the employer to pay the same rate per unit of work completed that he would have paid free civilian labor had it been available, but we paid the prisoners who did the work only 80 cents per man per day — 80 cents in canteen coupons, incidentally. We don't give them any cash.

The War Department realized an estimated saving of over $80,000,000 from the prisoners who did work on army posts, camps, and stations throughout the country. Prisoners working for the army performed a total of 19,569,719 man days of work, ranging from such highly skilled work as watch repair to common maintenance labor.

Altogether, the prisoners did 10,181,273 man days of work for contract employers during 1944. The bulk of this work was in agriculture, which accounted for 5,705,909 man days. From one border to the other, the

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prisoners worked on the nation's farms, replacing the farm labor that had gone to war or had migrated to industrial towns attracted by higher paid war jobs. In the South, the prisoners picked cotton, cut sugar cane, harvested peanuts and tobacco, cut pulpwood. In the West, they gathered the sugar beets and grains. In the North and East they canned fruits and vegetables and harvested many other farm crops. In two counties alone in Kentucky they saved 2200 acres of tobacco last fall.

V

This year our labor problem is going to be even more difficult than it has been in the past. We recently completed a labor survey, participated in by the nine Service Commands, the War Manpower Commission and the War Foods Administration. This labor survey showed that much more will be expected of prisoners of war this year than last. We will not be able to do all that is asked of us, but we can assure you that we are not going to let any crops spoil for want of a man to gather them. We are bringing 100,000 additional prisoners into the country to assure that that does not happen. By so doing we are serving a double purpose: helping relieve our own manpower shortage and relieving General Eisenhower of the problem of guarding, housing and feeding these prisoners in Europe.

Before leaving the subject of labor of prisoners of war, I would like to discuss a related topic: escapes of prisoners of war. As of March 1, there had been 1369 escapes, but only 12 (6 Germans and 6 Italians) were at large on that day. All twenty-five prisoners from the highly publicized Papago Park escape have been recaptured.

The total number of escapes sounds large, but let's look at the reason for them. If the War Department and the American people were willing to place all prisoners of war behind barbed wire, feed them, care for them, but get nothing in return for their trouble, then I believe we could prevent practically all escapes.

The War Department, however, does not think that such a program is justified during a time of war and during a time of manpower shortage. Instead it has worked the prisoners. I have outlined the work program earlier in this article — a work program that resulted in a total of 29,750,992 man days of work by prisoners of war during 1944 at an estimated income to the government of $100,000,000.

Now balance that record against the escapes — "absentees" would be a better word since none of the escapes has been permanent and most have consisted simply in having a prisoner walk off a work detail, only to be picked up a few hours later and returned to camp. A compilation of periods in which escaped prisoners were at large during the time from November 1942 to December 31, 1944 shows that 648 prisoners were at large one day or less; 148 were at large

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2 days; 111 were at large 3 days; 48 were at large 4 days; 31 were at large 5 days; 116 were at large 5 to 14 days; 31 were at large 14 or more days.

Now even though we do send the prisoners out to work, rather than keep them behind permanent walls and receive no labor from them, our escape rate is practically the same as the escape rate from Federal penitentiaries. During the year ending June 30, 1944, the Federal prisons had an average population of 15,691 from which 69 men escaped, or a rate of .44 per cent. During a like period we had an average PW population of 288,292 from which there were 1036 escapes, or a rate of .45 per cent.

We have shot 56 prisoners who attempted to escape. Thirty-five of these died; 21 were wounded. Our guards have been taught to shoot to kill, if necessary, to prevent escape.

The threat of sabotage by escaped prisoners of war has not materialized. To date there have been no reports of sabotage or attempts to commit sabotage by escaped prisoners of war, and nearly every offense committed by them can be traced to their efforts to elude capture. Of the 15 crimes reported, and for which the prisoners of war were tried by courts-martial, 12 involved theft of motor vehicles. The remainder were thefts of clothes, money and other valuables, obviously intended for use in furthering their escape.

You undoubtedly have heard many fantastic stories about prisoners of war. You have heard, for instance, that Nazis dominate the camps. In the early days Nazi domination presented a real problem, but we believe we have it beaten. In March 1944 orders were issued that no German officer or non-commissioned officer would exercise any function of command or discipline. Two weeks later we had a political murder but it was the last one. Before that there had been four in fairly rapid succession.

The War Department early became aware that Nazi elements would try to dominate camps, and early measures were adopted to cope with the situation. It has not been easy; the very nature of the problem indicates that it would not be easy.

It required painstaking intelligence work, screening and more screening, to separate the good from the bad. Mistakes have been made, but they have been few considering the magnitude of the job and the difficulties under which it proceeded. Over 300,000 Germans — enough completely to populate a city the size of Jersey City, Denver, or Omaha — have poured into this country from inbound troop transports headed for prisoner of war camps. Some among them were Gestapo men, but they all looked alike, talked alike, and to an untrained eye, thought alike. There were eyes in the War Department, however, that were not untrained, and today the known trouble-makers have been segregated. The unco-operative prisoners are always kept in separate compounds or camps separated from the cooperative prisoners.

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An additional precaution has been taken. Every camp has been notified that a notice should be posted on the prisoner of war bulletin board, and those notices are on the boards, stating that any prisoner who fears for his own safety need only report that fear to the nearest American officer or enlisted man, and he will be given protection.

Now this method of handling the prisoners is working. Altogether we have had only five murders and two forced suicides that could be attributed to Nazi methods. We have had none since April 1944. That's not a high record. It's not so many murders and suicides, for instance, as you would expect to find in a city of comparable size. The murder and suicide rate among German prisoners of war from all causes is lower than the rate shown by insurance statistics for the general German public in time of peace.

VI

It is unfortunate that untrue statements have been widely publicized. In view of the fact that any minor incident relating to prisoners of war appears to have great news value, you may well expect in the future, as in the past, to hear and read of incidents involving mishandling of prisoners of war. When you hear them or read them, I trust that you will consider that there are some twenty or thirty thousand American officers and soldiers handling some 350,000 prisoners of war. No matter how well-intentioned or how industrious each of the American officers and soldiers may be, sometime, somewhere, some of them are certain to make mistakes. All I can ask of you is that you do not permit the report of a few of the incidents to convince you of the instability of the whole program.

There is evidence to indicate that some of the unfortunate incidents, such as the recent case of the hand-painted Nazi rag-flag at Papago Park, have been the direct result of the prisoners' desire to obtain unfavorable publicity for their captors. If so, they have found plenty of encouragement among a few writers and radio commentators who have failed to check the accuracy of their stories prior to publication.

Soon the number of prisoners of war in this country will be close to half a million. The job of caring for them and of using to best advantage the tremendous available energy is a real one. I have often stated that it is not alone the War Department's job — it is the nation's job. It is your job as well as mine. It is well, therefore, that we take counsel together; and when it is over, we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that we have done something to make the life of our men in the hands of the enemy a little easier. We shall have the proud satisfaction of knowing that our country honors its word to other nations.

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THE WARTIME PRESS AND LABOR

By Willard Shelton

In the aftermath of the last war a great wave of strikes signalized the release of unions and industrialists from the quasi-voluntary disciplines of Woodrow Wilson's National War Labor Board. More than 20 per cent of the total industrial labor force was involved in "work stoppages" in 1919, and the conflicts tended to be longer and fiercer than in the war year of 1918. There are many signs that, after victory in the present war, the stresses and strains of industrial relations may produce battles on a major scale. The country is not well prepared to cope with such a danger, and for this fact the press cannot escape responsibility.

Our newspapers and other periodicals of news and opinion have good reason for satisfaction with their general war record. Among other things, they have played a major part in mobilizing our people morally and spiritually; they have done an incomparable job in reporting sensitively the grim business of the battlefields. But in the seething area of industrial relations on the home front it is fair to say that the press has, to an alarmingly high degree, actually flopped.

Too many newspapers have engaged in an orgy of labor-baiting which is not mitigated by pious expressions of approval for the general principle of collective bargaining. Even more disturbing, however, are errors of omission — the failure to report and analyze intelligently the vital field of labor relations. This failure may seriously complicate post-war adjustments for the simple reason that the public is not adequately informed of the facts and the issues.

The charge of anti-union bias against many newspapers is so strongly supported by the evidence of sheer eyesight that specific documentation may seem superfluous. A few reminders, however, may prove useful.

Item: A prominent Midwestern newspaper, the Chicago *Daily News* (before purchase by its present owner, John S. Knight), carried a daily front-page list of "war plant strikes," but never seemed to think of carrying a parallel list of business concerns in open revolt against the War Labor Board, such as the Midwestern trucking firms which flatly rejected a WLB-ordered wage increase at the time.

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Item: The press has predominantly opposed the WLB policy of granting maintenance-of-membership clauses in union contracts. Admittedly this raises issues of opinion, but it is a fact that maintenance-of-membership, as applied by the board, has never forced a worker into a union. On the contrary, the board has strictly observed President Roosevelt's personal decision — announced in 1941 — that government agencies would not be used to impose the closed shop. When Mr. Roosevelt made this statement, labor members of the old National Defense Mediation Board resigned in protest, but the present WLB has been controlled by the President's policy. Every WLB "maintenance" clause order has allowed union members fifteen days to withdraw from the organization and has required them thereafter, if they did not "escape" during this period, to remain members only for the duration of a single-year contract. If dispute has arisen about renewal of the clause in a subsequent clause, the board has again dictated a fifteen-day escape period. Yet the New York *Times*, with other responsible newspapers concurring, has treated the system as some species of violent compulsion rather than a pragmatic wartime compromise between union and management differences over the closed shop.

Item: Many people persist in the delusion — and the press obviously is partly responsible — that the WLB's wage policies have left factory workers, above all other groups, rolling in riches. Yet the average weekly wage of factory workers in July 1944 — though 70 per cent higher than in January 1941 — was only $45.52, including all overtime and "upgrading" of employees. Millions in the nondurable goods industries, and in low-pay geographical areas, have continued to labor for less than 60 cents an hour — which adds up to an annual income below the minimum set by government agencies for decent subsistence. The higher wages of war workers, resulting in a large degree from longer hours and steady employment, are eaten into by heavier taxes and a 30 per cent increase in the cost of living. Labor has not suffered during the war, but its position has not been improved nearly so much as that of farmers, whose net operating income, according to the OPA, rose from approximately $4,700,000,000 in 1939 to $12,300,000,000 in 1943.

II

These are symptoms. Two specific issues, analyzed in more detail, copper-rivet the charge that much of the press has allowed either bias or ignorance to spread false impressions. The first is that of wartime strikes.

Few people, reading furious editorial denunciations of spasmodic work stoppages, realize that the record of American unions during war has been considerably better than ordinary human nature might have made it. The accurate test of strikes is the proportion of potential time wasted.

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Just as physical accidents tend to increase, in the absolute sense, when the labor force grows larger, so the number of man-days swallowed up in industrial disputes grows with an increased labor force, and the *percentage* is the key. The record shows that in the two full war years of 1942 and 1943 the working time lost in strikes was less than one-tenth of 1 per cent — and would have been, except for John L. Lewis's abortive effort to smash the War Labor Board in 1943, less than one-twentieth of 1 per cent.

One may argue as he chooses, but the facts are there. The index of wartime strikes in America is low — substantially lower than in all years except one in the prewar decade, and in 1942 it was one-eighth the index of the peak strike year of 1937. The American record compares favorably with the war record in Great Britain and the British dominions, which as democratic countries are the only ones where parallels may be drawn.

The Department of Labor did not begin its analysis of man-days lost in strikes until 1927, so direct comparisons to labor's record in the last war are not possible. But certain rough comparisons are feasible. Both in 1917 and 1918, more than 6 per cent of industrial workers went on strike at one time or another. In 1941 the figure was 8.4 per cent, but after Pearl Harbor it dropped to 2.8 per cent in 1942. In 1943, though the percentage climbed again to 6.9, most walkouts were brief "wildcat" affairs which, though not "justified," had an insignificant effect on war production and were quickly halted by responsible union leaders who in some cases imposed severe penalties on overmilitant strike leaders. More than two-thirds of the man-days lost in 1943 came in the Lewis coal strikes. The total man-days lost aggregated 13,500,000 as contrasted with a ten-year prewar average of more than 15,000,000 man-days — though the prewar labor force was only one-half to two-thirds its present size and severe unemployment frequently discouraged labor militancy. In 1944 the man-days lost, according to preliminary Labor Department figures, dropped back again to 8,500,000.

In Great Britain, again, statistics are not kept on exactly the same basis as in our Department of Labor, but certain facts are notable. The "aggregate number of working days" lost in strikes, according to the *Ministry of Labor Gazette*, has steadily increased, and so has the number of workers involved. The workers who struck climbed from 299,000 in 1940 to 559,000 in 1943. The man-days lost were 1,000,000 in 1941, 1,800,000 in 1943, and 3,648,000 in 1944 — the largest loss in 12 years. The Lewis strikes, partly political, damage the American record, but otherwise the showing of our unions, in comparison to Britain's, is assuredly not discreditable. These facts, based on government reports, have been available to every paper and magazine, throughout the country, and if the public is unaware of them the press is to blame.

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III

This may indicate, let us agree, mere journalistic shiftlessness. But it is difficult to give the same excuse for newspaper treatment of the famous Montgomery Ward case last April, and Sewell L. Avery's defiance of the War Labor Board, as contrasted with the treatment of other cases in which defiance came from unions.

Few newspapers criticized the President's use of the Army to break the North American strike of 1941, though that incident occurred before we were openly at war. A recalcitrant picket was slightly bayoneted, but no cries of indignation about labor's sufferings arose from the New York *Herald Tribune* or the Oklahoma City *Oklahoman* — the latter of which once spearheaded a drive against overtime pay. The St. Louis *Star-Times*, a militantly liberal daily, bitterly denounced the "foolhardy and demagogic" strike leaders who had defied the National Defense Mediation Board, predecessor of the present WLB. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* praised Richard Frankensteen of the United Automobile Workers for making clear the "outlaw nature of the strike." The Hearst and Scripps-Howard chains denounced the strikers; Howard's newspapers objected to the Army's presence but used the strike to argue that legislation to control "abuses" and "special privileges" was needed.

Yet when the government attempted to deal with Avery, during actual war, the majority of newspapers registered severe pain and shock. "Too far, Mr. Biddle!" declaimed the *Christian Science Monitor*, while the *Herald Tribune* argued that the WLB had committed a "basic mistake" in taking jurisdiction over the Ward controversy. The Kansas City *Star* said, "unreasonable," the Portland *Oregonian* spoke of a "Gestapo," and the Hearst press went all out against the government. While District Judge Sullivan ruled against the government's conduct in the second Ward seizure, he declared that he did so with "considerable reluctance." Only a few newspapers, notably the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and the New York *Times*, were objective enough to emphasize, during the first conflict that, regardless of legal issues, the Avery labor policy and defiance of the WLB were unfortunate.

The performance of Chicago dailies, in the home town of Montgomery Ward, was almost comical. It happened that a few days earlier a little telephone workers' union had conducted a strike vote. Three of the city's five newspapers editorially urged the workers not to strike, and all of them played up in news stories the fact that if a walkout were to occur, it would defy a WLB wage order. But the situation was quite different when rebellion against the labor board came from a powerful local industrialist. Only two of the newspapers seemed to keep any interest in the board as a vital wartime industrial umpire. The others flopped over to attacks on the government.

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When Avery again defied the government last December, many of the newspapers which previously had supported him apparently had become fed up. The New York *Herald Tribune* reversed its stand, declaring that the government had been given no choice but to seize Ward's properties; John S. Knight's Detroit *Free Press* (but not his Chicago *Daily News*) sharply criticized the mail-order house. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* called Avery a "mail-order Machiavelli" and the Philadelphia *Record* compared him to Dickens' Scrooge. Avery, in fact, finally began to take a beating from the press — including even the Chicago *Tribune*, which upheld Judge Sullivan but condemned Ward labor policies. But it was a delayed beating. The issues in December were no different from those the previous April and the editorial objectivity of newspapers in the second period did not excuse their pro-Avery and anti-union bias eight months earlier.

Many newspapers have charged that government policy "favors" unions and gives them "everything they want." Yet since the Lewis coal strikes of 1943, the *United Mine Workers' Journal* has bitterly attacked the WLB and Secretary Ickes for refusing to breach the Little Steel formula; if Lewis thinks he "won" that fight, he chooses a strange way of showing it. Philip Murray, CIO president, pledged his word to the United Automobile Workers that the Little Steel formula would be changed, but the WLB bluntly refused any basic alteration.

Facts reflecting the general use of organized labor as a whipping-boy, however, aroused Charles E. Wilson of General Electric (then of the War Production Board) to speak a blunt warning to the National Association of Manufacturers on December 8, 1943:

> Many of us in the 1930's feared that a left-wing reaction would draw labor so far away from the main body of American sentiment that the gap could not be closed without a disastrous struggle. I do not want to be an alarmist, but I tell you frankly that I am deeply alarmed today over the possibility that a right-wing reaction may draw some sections of capital so far away from our tradition as to imperil the entire structure of American life.

Mr. Wilson's words might well have been addressed to the American Newspaper Publishers Association, which has been at least as negative in its attitude toward labor organization, and as reluctant to accept the wage-hour law and the Wagner act, as the NAM. The newspaper publishers, moreover, have the power to translate their private business predilections into their editorial columns.

IV

Fundamentally more serious than one-sided criticism of unions, however, is the other deficiency of the press: its failure to inform the public adequately and fairly about the vital labor issues in the postwar era. The chief weakness of newspapers in handling "labor news," in fact, may be classified as simple incompetence.

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If this judgment seems severe, let the ordinary citizen decide whether he has been equipped by his daily newspaper to give adequate answers to the following questions:

What were the fundamental motives of the CIO and the AF of L in their pre-election attacks on the Little Steel formula, which superficially looked like merely a demand for higher wages at once?

What is the urgent motive of supervisory employees — the department and sub-department foremen in automotive and aircraft plants — in organizing their own unions and demanding recognition as accepted bargaining units?

What has been the basis of the War Labor Board's determined support of the maintenance-of-membership principle, despite industry protests, and why would unions consider abandonment of the principle a lethal blow at their security?

What is the future prospect of the CIO's demand for a guaranteed annual wage, and why did so independent a thinker as the late Wendell L. Willkie endorse the demand?

It is a rare citizen who can answer these questions with ease and objectivity. If he depends solely upon his newspapers, it is virtually impossible for him to answer them.

The plain fact is that such magazines as *Business Week* and the *United States News* do a far more intelligent job in covering labor relations than the ordinary metropolitan newspaper. These magazines are designed primarily for business men, but they set forth the conflicting issues between labor and management more clearly than most newspapers of general circulation do, and often they appear more sympathetic to labor's needs.

Business Week, for example, got itself a libel suit for a 1942 story describing the long history of Montgomery Ward's embroiled labor relations, and for quoting a government official's statement that Sewell L. Avery's company had aimed at the able United States Conciliation Service "the neatest kick in the teeth" in its history.[1] While newspapers fumed and flamed last April at the seizure of Ward's Chicago plant, no denunciatory editorial appeared in *Business Week*. The editor of that magazine, who apparently doesn't think that labor-fighting is smart business, simply reported the facts — and carefully used three-quarters of a page for an objective blow-by-blow recapitulation of the mail-order company's incessant anti-union battles before various government agencies.

Business Week has been admirably objective in pointing out that a major cause of strikes and strike threats among foremen in the automotive plants has been the fumbling reluctance of the War Labor Board and the National Labor Relations Board to make clear-cut decisions on whether supervisory employees have a "right" to bargain collectively. No other pub-

[1] The libel suit was dismissed by United States District Court, and a Ward appeal was denied in the Circuit Court of Appeals.

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lication, within my knowledge, had the initiative to find out and report that industry members of the WLB, who renewed an attack on maintenance-of-membership in the Humble Oil case last April, felt driven to tone down the nature of their utterance before its publication.

The *United States News* was incomparably more acute than most newspapers in its handling of NLRB gyrations on unionization of foremen. It pointed out that the agency had ruled: (1) that foremen could not be "discriminated against" for union membership, but (2) that their unions would not be certified for bargaining; and then added this dry comment, "The question has been raised as to how effective a union can be if it cannot bargain."

I have diligently searched the metropolitan newspaper columns for an equally apt statement, but there are only a few passages which suggest that government agencies are clearly to blame for strikes resulting from their effort to "settle" a difficult issue by evading it.

V

Let us get a few facts straight.

One cannot understand wartime industrial relations unless one realizes that labor is necessarily concerned with its security during reconversion and peace. Union leaders, many of whom in the top ranks are able citizens, remember what happened after the last war, when AF of L membership deteriorated under the shocks of temporary depression followed by false prosperity. They are apprehensive about the position of labor when overtime pay and full employment disappear with eventual cutbacks in production. They are concerned, as citizens as well as leaders of a special-interest group, over the danger that a minority of nineteenth-century-minded industrialists may force unions to fight for their lives.

These are among the reasons that the great labor federations have demanded upward revision of the Little Steel formula. They would have liked higher wages at once, naturally, but they have not seriously regretted the freezing of wartime wage rates. They must consider practical issues, such as the privateering operations of John Lewis; if Lewis is successful in a drive on the WLB, for example, other union leaders might not be able to hold their people any longer. But if the AF of L and CIO leaders had not basically agreed with the "hold the line" policy against inflation, they would not have fought to suppress "quickie" strikes. Their basic urgency is to prevent cuts in weekly take-home pay during the postwar period while price levels are still high, and to forestall unemployment. They want the principle of collective bargaining clearly established, and general acceptance of the proposition that a democratic capitalism must assure workers decent pay.

The drive of automotive-plant foremen for unionization is explainable in similar terms. Supervisory employees

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can't or don't want to get into ordinary unions; but they don't want to be left out in the cold by lacking collective bargaining strength when aircraft factories shut down. Their problem cannot be settled by complaints that "management" is being unionized. The supervisors are not doctrinaires; they are citizens who remember the mass unemployment of the thirties.

American unionism has come of age. The validity of collective bargaining has been recognized in century-old court decisions, in the Norris-La Guardia anti-injunction law signed by Herbert Hoover, and in the Wagner Act. Enlightened employers no longer "fight" labor; they recognize that strong, free unions are necessary to an industrialized democratic society. The philosophy of this approach was admirably summed up by Frank P. Graham, a public member of the War Labor Board, in his opinion explaining a maintenance-of-membership order:

> It is unfair to hold the unions fixed in the midst of a tremendous industrial expansion, unwise to try to hold them static in a dynamic industrial society, and undemocratic to call a halt to the free development of organizations of workers in the midst of a war for freedom.

It is a pity that the same quality of insight has not illuminated more newspapers. Against Dr. Graham's statesmanship, the editorials in the New York *Times* — plaintively arguing for a return to the first World War's "freeze" of open-shop and closed-shop conditions — seem pallid and thin. Against it the complaints of the Washington *Star* about the allegedly "two-sided" aspect of the government's handling of "labor difficulties" is impossible to take seriously.

VI

Some of the liberal newspapers and magazines, which understand the imperatives of collective bargaining, are less effective than they should be in calling for reform of undeniable abuses — the elimination of outright racketeers in a few unions and in others the elimination of a bureaucracy dominating the rank and file.

The *Nation* and the *New Republic* have carried many articles and editorials warning wartime workers against the effect of strikes on the armed forces. The *Nation*, in an article by Herbert R. Northrup, discussed anti-Negro discrimination by unions, while Edwin A. Lahey in the *New Republic* has brilliantly handled the bureaucratic rivalries between union leaders, the "feudal structure" of the A F of L, and the failure of labor to rid itself of crooks preying alike on union members, industrialists and the public.

PM, which is militantly pro-labor, has also been in the vanguard of those supporting the Fair Employment Practice Committee and in attacking union discrimination against Negroes. But from the liberal press as a whole one might have expected rather vigorous support — or at least careful anal-

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ysis — of the reforms urged in November 1943 by the American Civil Liberties Union, which advocated enactment of federal laws against union racketeering and racial and religious discrimination in union membership. The best article on the subject was in the Catholic weekly, *Commonweal*.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal*, a newspaper truly notable for its liberalism, tried to approach the subject of improper union practices by supporting the Hobbs anti-racketeering bill, but few other progressive dailies were able to reconcile their desire for reform with concern lest the broad scope of the bill be twisted to thwart legitimate union activity.

As for the Communist periodicals, the New York *Worker* and the *New Masses*, throughout the war, have simply followed the Communist line. Before Hitler's attack on Russia, they hailed every strike as a sign that labor refused to let itself be "regimented" by Roosevelt's "war-mongering" policies. After June 1941, they advised labor not to let the "right-to-strike" interfere with aid to Russia. Where John L. Lewis had previously been a hero, he suddenly became a subject for vilification. The *Worker* criticized Montgomery Ward workers for a brief Chicago strike last April more shamelessly, I think, than any representative of the "capitalistic" press. The Communist periodicals, in short, have been Communist, approaching American industrial problems from a basically different viewpoint from that of the non-doctrinaire liberal.

The progressive press is in a superior position to criticize union abuses because its motives cannot justly be challenged. Liberal editors probably have been tempted to withhold strictures because they don't want to appear to join in slugging labor. But actual wrongs must be corrected, and intelligent leadership of public opinion is necessary.

The faults of the liberal periodicals, however, are scarcely in the same category with the errors of the anti-union *claque*. The latter have apparently learned little from the crisis of Western industrial civilization in the last half-century.

It should be clear to the objective observer that such reforms as the guaranteed annual wage are on their way. Our society can no longer tolerate mass unemployment, nor can it permanently tolerate a system in which great groups in the assembly-line industries are at the mercy of corporations recognizing no responsibility for continuity of jobs. A sign of the times is the General Electric objective of returning to prewar price levels while maintaining the same wages for forty hours of work that wartime employees have received for forty-eight hours.

This is a pattern of the future, because democracy cannot endure a vast gap between a wealthy few and a poverty-stricken proletariat. Unions have a part to play in representing the needs and urgencies of their memberships — economically and politically.

Decent newspapers have not been

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consciously unfair to the labor movement during war. But even the decent ones, in too many cases, have seemed slightly myopic, failing to sense the real meaning of armed conflict between democracy and another system which attempted to "solve" the twentieth century's social crisis by regimenting Europe's free unions into a labor front.

It is ironic that the democratic press should still fail to comprehend the steady march of the people toward democracy in the economic realm, or to interpret this advance with sympathy, accuracy and understanding.

CHANT

By A. A. Foote

Turn east
Turn west
There is no rest
For man or beast.

Turn north
Turn south
Out of no mouth
Does joy spring forth.

On land or sea
There is no peace
No brief surcease
For you, for me.

Blow hot
Blow cold
We shall be old
Like as not

Before the earth
Is amply fed
On youth who bled
For our rebirth.

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THE FORGOTTEN MISS DIX

By Stewart H. Holbrook

On a Sabbath day in March of 1841, a shy, slight spinster of Boston's bluest blood, sickly and almost forty years of age, taught a Sunday-school class in the House of Correction at East Cambridge, Massachusetts, and went home that night so shocked and terrified at what she had seen that she could not sleep.

The woman was Dorothea Dix — no connection with the much later newspaper columnist. What had shocked Miss Dix was the ghastly condition of four insane persons confined in the Cambridge jail. Their cell was dark, airless, unheated. The walls shimmered with frost. The place was filthy, unfit for pigs.

This first experience with the plight of America's insane of the period changed Dorothea Dix's whole life and gave it a purpose. This ill, slim woman with the burning blue eyes and the low, sweet voice, this fanatic touched with genius, arose next morning with a determination that never faltered.

She set out, immediately and almost singlehanded, to attack the prejudices and superstitions of her time. She set out to win a monumental fight to have the mentally ill considered as human beings and not as sub-humans to be kept in filthy cages, often in chains, and beaten with rods to quiet their cries.

Dorothea Lynde Dix did not discover her genius until that Sunday in 1841. Born in Hampden, Maine, in 1802, she began teaching school at fourteen and was still an unmarried schoolmarm when she saw the pitiful creatures slowly freezing to death in the Cambridge jail. She learned through inquiry that conditions of the insane in Cambridge were considered perfectly all right.

Nor was this a cynical attitude of some especially hardhearted jailer. It was the common attitude of the time. In 1841 the medieval conception of insanity as a possession by devils had gradually changed to one just as cruel — namely, that the insane had been born depraved, there was nothing to be done about it, and the best way was to treat them as so many dangerous animals.

To appreciate the task facing Dorothea Dix it is necessary to remember that in 1841 there was scarcely an institution in the United States that could be termed an insane asylum. Close confinement, usually with chains or manacles, was the only measure considered, so both the mildly and

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the violently insane were put into jails, almshouses and prisons, where they were always housed in the worst quarters.

Worse, many a warden and attendant made a private income from charging visitors from ten to twenty-five cents to visit the "crazy-house." It was thought good sport indeed to watch the fantastic gestures of the unfortunates, to listen to their ravings and to goad them to fury by questions, or by prodding them with sticks.

Such was the state of civilization regarding treatment of the insane in the United States, little more than a century ago.

II

Dorothea Dix presently developed a drive that lasted for forty years and was furious in its intensity. The first thing she did was to bring public attention to bear on the insane in Cambridge, and only after a stout battle was a stove installed there and some attempt at sanitation made. Then, so far as the general public was aware, Miss Dix dropped out of sight. This was a relief to most public officials and prominent citizens; they had roundly condemned her for her "unwomanly conduct" in matters which could better be left to men. It was an attitude she had to contend with for many years. Woman's place was in the home.

Out of the spotlight, Miss Dix was busy. Quietly, unobtrusively, but with notebook in hand, the middle-aged woman began a two-year investigation of the hellholes in which the insane were kept in towns and cities throughout Massachusetts. She found a great deal to report, but she reported nothing at all until her dossier was filled and overflowing with as shocking and damning a mass of evidence as was ever collected. Then she wrote, at white heat but with calm good judgment, her famous Memorial to the Legislature of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, a document that should rank with the Emancipation Proclamation.

"I shall be obliged to speak," wrote Miss Dix, "with great plainness, and to reveal many things revolting to the taste, and from which woman's nature shrinks with peculiar sensitiveness. I proceed, gentlemen, briefly to call your attention to the present state of insane persons within this Commonwealth, in cages, closets, cellars, stalls, pens — chained naked, beaten with rods and lashed into obedience."

Miss Dix managed to convey a very real and horrible sense of what she had seen to the gentlemen of the Commonwealth. With simple, direct prose, cool yet with effective bitterness, she related the ghastly practices going on in what the United States, and especially Massachusetts, thought was the most progressive and enlightened state in the Union, as it undoubtedly then was.

Nor did she dwell on generalities. Miss Dix named the places and the victims. At the almshouse in Danvers she found a young woman confined

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alone in a tiny outbuilding. "There she stood, clinging to or beating the bars of her caged apartment, the contracted size of which afforded only space for increasing accumulation of filth — a foul spectacle, gentlemen. There she stood," cried Miss Dix, and the legislators squirmed, "with naked arms, disheveled hair, the unwashed frame invested with fragments of unclean garments, the air so offensive that it was not possible to remain beyond a few moments. . . ."

With this grim picture before the uncomfortable solons, Miss Dix went on. At Newton she had found a woman chained to a wall, living in what amounted to being a toilet. At Groton she had discovered a youth, heavy irons around his neck, who was chained to the wall with six feet of great steel links. Miss Dix described these and scores of others, piling horror upon horror with her direct prose, now detached, now burning with the fire of intense indignation.

It was the greatest sensation produced in the Massachusetts legislature since 1775. Nor was it in vain. With a speed hardly ever given to legislative assemblies, that of the old Bay State at once provided for rooms — and good rooms — for 200 insane patients at Worcester Hospital. This was the immediate result, the first of many measures taken by the state in subsequent years.

Miss Dix never stopped. Although her sudden and dramatic entrance into public affairs was still widely resented by solid, old-fashioned males, she received encouragement, both financial and otherwise, from blue-blooded Bostonians of her own class.

As soon as she had turned Massachusetts officialdom topsy-turvy, she went to Rhode Island and started methodically to work as before. The report she finally presented was even more searing than that on Massachusetts. Indeed, no such recapitulation of horrors had been written or read before.

At Little Compton, Miss Dix had found one Abraham Simmons confined in a cell seven feet square, all of stone, even to the floor. It was double-walled, the keeper casually admitted so he would not hear Simmons' "piercing screams." There was no light, no aperture for air. When Miss Dix visited the hole, the walls were covered thick with frost. The patient was chained by one leg. The poor man had been confined in this den for "above three years."

Miss Dix prepared a special article on Simmons. It was a sardonic piece, mordantly entitled "Astonishing Tenacity of Life", and she had it published in the Providence *Journal*. Beginning her indictment as though it were an article of scientific interest, she presently described the plight of poor Abraham Simmons and studded the description with barbs. She supposed, she said, that Rhode Islanders considered themselves Christians; but she gravely doubted whether they could address themselves to the God of the unhappy Simmons.

Abraham Simmons immediately

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became a martyr, known throughout the United States. Rhode Island hurriedly followed Massachusetts in providing care for its insane wards.

Maine came next, and then the untiring woman invaded the West and South. For twenty years, or until the outbreak of the Civil War, she traveled by stage, steamboat and horseback, and sometimes in primordial railroad trains, through every state in the Union, investigating, reporting, making friends among the wealthy and influential in order to have their aid in founding hospitals and asylums.

Once she was nearly drowned in a stage crossing a river. Again, in Michigan, her stage was held up by bandits. She remonstrated with one of the robbers, telling him how foolish he was. He looked at the slim, white-haired woman. "My God!" he exclaimed, "that voice. I know it." It turned out that he had heard Miss Dix speak in the insane ward of a Philadelphia jail. The robbers returned their loot.

The courage of Dorothea Dix was remarkable. Into a New Jersey dungeon she went to talk to an alleged maniac who was chained by both arms and both legs and kept in darkness. The keeper said the man was extremely dangerous to approach, and warned Miss Dix that he would tear her limb from limb, were she to get within reach. She went directly up to the poor fellow, spoke to him, called him by his name. He stared a moment, then broke down and wept.

The chains were removed. Miss Dix put him into a clean bed in a pleasant ward. After two months he was so far recovered that he performed useful work around the hospital. Time and again Miss Dix went into filthy dungeons and cages, all alone, and talked with the victims of man's stupidity, and she showed what decent treatment and medical attention could do for the allegedly hopeless cases.

III

In three years this lone woman, beset by lung trouble, traveled better than ten thousand miles and visited eighteen penitentiaries, 300 jails, and more than 500 almshouses and other institutions in which the insane were kept. New asylums sprang up in her wake, all staffed by doctors — not sadistic thugs — who believed that something could be done for mental cases, as Miss Dix made her way throughout the country, as she badgered and charmed and shamed and praised and pleaded with the legislatures of Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, the Carolinas and Maryland. Wherever she went, the plight of the mentally ill was vastly improved.

With her own native land now alive to the great curative powers of humane treatment for unfortunates, Miss Dix sailed for England and the Continent. There she investigated conditions, found them extremely bad, and was responsible for the founding of large hospitals for the insane on the Isle of Jersey and in Rome.

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She returned to the United States at the outbreak of the Civil War, and three hours after the 6th Massachusetts Regiment was fired upon in Baltimore, on its way to the fighting front, Miss Dix was on a train for Washington to offer her services as nurse. A bit later Surgeon General William Hammond appointed her Superintendent of Women Nurses for the Union Army, the first such in American history. For the next four years she served her country ably and courageously.

In her sixties, when peace returned, Miss Dix went back to her work for the insane; she did not stop until death overtook her at eighty.

That she is so almost completely unknown today is due in part to Miss Dix herself. She never permitted any personal interviews or what would be called publicity today. She would allow no asylum to be named for her. The only portrait of her that I recall hangs in Harvard Memorial Hall, in Cambridge, not far from the place where she first learned of the condition of the insane in 1841.

She was likely the most distinguished, and certainly is now the most forgotten, woman that America has produced in 300 years and more. It seems a pity that of fifty graduate students of a large Western university, not one had heard of Dorothea Dix. And two of them identified her as an advice-to-the-lovelorn columnist.

Thomas Jefferson on the Free Press—

The only security of all is in a free press. The force of public opinion cannot be resisted when permitted freely to be expressed. The agitation it produces must be submitted to. It is necessary to keep the waters pure.

Our liberty depends on the freedom of the press, and that cannot be limited without becoming lost.

Where the press is free and every man able to read, all is safe.

No government ought to be without censors; and, where the press is free, no one ever will.

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THE BEHAVIOR OF PAIN

By Betsey Barton

Articles in every current magazine and newspaper reflect our anxiety about the wounded veterans that are being returned to us from the war fronts. In our concern over the wounded veterans, however, we are apt to forget that the civilian wounded make up a far larger part of the nation's casualties. In the eleven days following the invasion of Normandy, for instance, there were 10,000 wounded in the war and 25,000 injured at home. Rehabilitation, then, is not solely a current military problem; it is always with us as a civilian problem.

Its solution depends upon our understanding of the behavior of pain. For pain, like most things that come to us, can result in opportunity or loss. Too often the suffering that results from a physical disability results in loss. Through the new advances in science and our greater awareness of the problem, however, there lies hope for a new mental attitude toward pain — an attitude which, if we are wise enough and loving enough, can transform it into a broad new horizon of opportunity for the wounded.

When pain comes to those we love, we feel cut off from them. They seem separated from us by a gulf of suffering that we cannot cross. "He is wounded; I am well," we say to ourselves. "On what ground can we meet?" And because we can think of no meeting ground, we fall into a common error. We assume that only the maimed can understand the maimed; the well cannot reach the invalid.

A basis for great understanding between the well and the invalid does exist, however. It lies in the fact that in pain, as in all human behavior, there are certain laws. Certain basic patterns underlie all the varieties of human hurt. And it has been made clear to me that if all of us — well and maimed — could know these patterns we would gain the insight we need into the meeting ground we crave — the ground on which we can reach out to the wounded even if we have not ourselves suffered as they are now suffering.

The fact that there are laws underlying the behavior of pain was recently

BETSEY BARTON, *who suffered a tragic automobile accident ten years ago, is now devoting herself to writing and rehabilitation work. She has told her own inspiring story in* And Now To Live Again, *recently published by Appleton-Century; her articles have appeared in several national magazines.*

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demonstrated to me when I wrote a little book on rehabilitation. In the account I included some of my own experiences and told the stories of the fight to a victorious finish of many of the physically disabled with whom I had come in contact. I wrote as a stranger, as a separate being, as a lonely traveler. For just as the well assume that the maimed live in a different hemisphere, the afflicted in turn make a similar false assumption, and regard themselves as unique personalities. Thus I, too, wrote from out of what I then considered "my world."

When the book had been out for a while, letters began to come in. They came from all over the country, from people in all kinds of jobs, with different concerns, of widely separated ages. Some of them had physical handicaps; others had mental or emotional burdens. Yet each one wrote, as I had written, with the feeling that until then he had been alone, that until now he had been unique. And each added, with a thrill of discovery and recognition: "I am no longer alone; I share your experience."

As I read these letters day after day it became apparent to me that so-called normal people have not recognized the laws of pain that *all* human beings experience. Those who wrote me had been tragically cut off from their fellowmen by their hurt because we segregated them; we put the maimed into a world all their own. We feel they are different from us and we divide suffering into various kinds and types. We seem to believe that if we are hurt we become so hopelessly changed that we can no longer be understood. Actually, pain is a bridge over which all can cross. It may be the pathway between the world of the maimed and the world of the well who have also suffered pain.

A young girl who has been bedridden sixteen years, writes: "Again and again you set down in words my ideas, thoughts and problems. I found myself nodding or silently weeping in agreement or giggling over similar experiences. . . . You have put into words what is in my heart."

From a young woman in a mental hospital: "So you see, although you were crippled in body and I am crippled in mind, the things you say apply to me . . . I understand them."

From a young married woman: "Last June my first baby was born, living two short weeks. During labor I had a cerebral hemorrhage which resulted in paralysis of my right side. My arm is good as new except for writing and I get around on crutches swell. I had so many of the feelings and thoughts and experiences you had . . ."

From a young woman: "You have it all there — I know because when I was seventeen I lost my left leg . . ."

Actually we are all fundamentally alike. *The maimed and the well do not differ from each other.* Here, it seems to me, is the first law.

And once we understand the first, the second law follows easily. For these letters prove to me that every-

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one who is hurt reacts the same way. We retreat into ourselves. This pattern is seen in miniature when we have a tooth knocked out. The nerve retreats into the jaw as if to protect itself from further hurt. And all the letter-writers report the same thing: after their injury they retreated into themselves in an unconscious effort to avoid further feeling and to protect themselves from further pain.

When we are hurt, whatever the cause of that hurt, we react in the same way. This is the second law.

II

To outsiders looking in, those who have been hurt seem surrounded by a wall of indifference almost impossible to penetrate. The sufferers so repress their painful mental and emotional reactions to hurt that sometimes the seeds of it lie hidden deep within them, out of reach. It became plain to me, through my correspondence, that when we are hurt we suffer mentally and emotionally as well as physically — that is, in our total being and not just in the obviously affected part.

Those who are hurt in one part of their body will suffer, by that hurt, in all the other parts, for "all are but parts of one stupendous whole." This is the third law.

The recognition of this unity has revolutionized medicine and started a whole new concept of therapy. For once it became apparent that the mind and body and heart are not separate entities but, sick or well, are interjoined and affect each other, the old divisions of medicine would no longer hold true. We can no longer divide ourselves into specialized and self-sufficient departments. The mind and body and heart are interdependent parts of a whole. We are a whole; we function as a whole and therefore we must be treated as a whole. Thus today we are exploring and emphasizing a new branch of medicine called psychosomatic. *Psyche* means mind and *soma* means body; hence, mind-body medicine.

All these truths would be more evident if we had a greater awareness of what actually constitutes the whole person. We must constantly remind ourselves of the beautiful web-like interweaving of the body-mind structure. The brain is the organ of the mind, just as the stomach is the organ of assimilation and digestion. And without proper mental food, the brain will get indigestion; our thinking will become cloudy and muddy. Our mental life is not a mysterious something suspended in the air, without any coarse physical basis. Thinking, the supreme activity of the total body-brain structure, is largely dependent for its clarity and accuracy upon the fitness and efficiency of all the body tissue.

Human behavior depends upon the involuntary activity of the inner organs and the voluntary activity of action, speech and thought. It also depends upon our age; what kind of environment we were brought up in;

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what people we have come in contact with; what characteristics we have inherited; what ideas we have absorbed; what degree of intelligence we have, and what kind of a job we hold.

All these things, as well as our body-brain structure make up our whole person and determine our behavior. We cannot react with pieces of ourselves and our experience. We react as a whole. If we are crippled physically, we will be crippled mentally and emotionally as well.

We now know that a soldier can develop drastic physical symptoms although he has had a mental shock. A war neurosis victim, shocked by the sight of his entire regiment being wiped out, can carry the unconscious retreat into himself so far that he will suffer from deafness, speechlessness, amnesia and paralysis. Those who have suffered an emotional shock, as the loss of one they love, can feel so bitter and depressed that they will contemplate suicide. A flier in China writes: "My new wife died and I have recovered part of my balance in ten months. . . . I feel ashamed of myself for thinking I'd run the course. . . ."

And those who suffer from a physical injury also suffer from humiliation, bitterness, frustration and paralysis of the will. A young man who had infantile paralysis very seriously at the age of eighteen writes, as so many of the disabled do: "As for me, I had no will at first. I did not care."

The letters go on to report that the most striking effect of the withdrawal into ourselves when we have been hurt, through a desire to feel no more pain, is the complete loss of initiative. The newly hurt cannot help themselves in any way. They are weak, constantly tired, unaware of the inner conflict caused by their repression and unable to resolve it.

The doctors and physiotherapists and nurses do their work in healing the bodies of the wounded and do it well. If we ourselves would help the wounded of body, we must observe the unities of the third law. We must bring them mind healing and heart healing as well.

III

Those who have been hurt are completely dependent at first upon outsiders — for help, for release, for comfort. This is the fourth law.

Letters corroborate this: "Emphasize care and understanding by family and friends." "An understanding and patient family and persevering doctors worked until I progressed from complete paralysis to a state where only my legs were affected . . ." "I support your plea for understanding and love from friends and parents . . . without which recovery would be well nigh impossible."

When such support is not given, or when it is withdrawn, the wounded have a difficult time. A young man who fell thirty feet suffered a skull injury which resulted in paralysis and a state of childlikeness for over a year.

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His wife had no patience with the gradual recovery of his memory and she divorced him. The young man's mind went into an eclipse after this, from which, five years later, it is just emerging.

A girl out West wrote me that her fiancé remained loyal to her after she broke her back in an automobile accident, only to terminate the engagement two years later when he went into the Army. Until then she had been making good progress toward recovery from her injury, but the shattering of her matrimonial plans sent her back to bed in a state of complete collapse. Again and again these experiences indicate that a broken heart is the most difficult of all hurts to heal. Time can knit broken bones. Nerves and muscles can be re-educated and grow strong again, but if the physical hurt has deprived the victim of hope, he has no will to live. A broken heart is not a poetic fantasy, but a concrete fact.

A letter from an older man, an arthritic, sums up the situation: "Stricken romance, stricken love, are something for which, in the case of the cripple, society makes no provision. But for some, love is ten thousand a year and for others, it is a pretty face; for God's elect, it is dedication." When such dedication exists, any amount of pain and deprivation can be redeemed, made lovely.

And when it is present, the suffering of the one who loves can be far greater than that of the one who has suffered the physical injury. I quote a letter of a young Major: "Yesterday was our wedding anniversary. This is the third Christmas my wife has spent in the hospital . . . she broke her neck in an automobile accident and since then has been completely paralyzed, unable to move anything but her arms — not her hands, her legs, or her head. . . . When you suggest that the one hurt is not able to picture the feelings of the loved one not hurt, how right you are. I can appreciate the tormented heart and brain of your father, trying to make decisions which would help you to get well, and not being a medical man, in a quandary what to do, whom to believe, and so on and on. It's not so hard immediately after the accident occurs; but as weeks, then months, then years go by, and improvement slows down to a snail's pace, and each day you see the one you love with all your heart and soul almost stop getting better, it takes a good bit of courage to keep up a stout heart and not lose faith and hope . . ."

When I first began to receive these letters I was surprised at their length and the intimacy of detail in them. I now see that this occurs because each writer is desperately anxious to talk about himself and his experience. It is almost as though he had had no opportunity to tell of the things that are in his heart. We are beginning to see that those on the outside can make or break the readjustment of a suffering person. They can literally push them deeper and perhaps irretrievably into themselves by a care-

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less word or act, or they can draw out to release and healing.

Here then would seem to be a very simple basis on which to establish contact with those who are hurt: by not avoiding the issues. By allowing them to voice their doubts and questions, to tell of their fears and their anxiety. For in so doing, in talking to those they love and trust, they will be given some release through having shared their burden. The silent shout of recognition that has come to me in these letters has not done so because these people felt they could talk only to someone else who had suffered, but because they were at last able, without embarrassment and pain, to talk about the things that mattered to them most.

We have a national character trait, I believe, that is reflected here. We like things to be pleasant and smooth; and if they are not, we do not relish looking behind the normal shadow-play to the torment underneath. Accident or disease or mishap can catch us up at any instant in our lives. We must be ready to look it straight in the face when it comes, to see it open-eyed. "It is a pity how few of us Americans are equipped or helped to face the tragedies of our own lives," wrote the flier in China whose young wife had died. "No one of us believes how nearly inevitable tragedies are and few seem to come out happy and unwarped."

As the loving support of friends and loved ones draws out the one who has been hurt to speak of the things that matter to him, he will be reassured, he will begin to feel secure in the knowledge that this is not a lonely battle which he has to fight all by himself, but an experience that has the power to teach him much, just as those about him can learn from it.

IV

For when there is a loving communion brought to bear upon any kind of suffering, *that suffering teaches both the outsider and the one who is suffering.* This is the fifth law. The outsiders write:

From one young woman: "I work at one of the shipyards as a welder. I have for the past two years, and I've had such a grand chance to see the attitude and work of a good many people. I don't think any of us does our work as well or as willingly as we could or should, there's too much of the idea of doing as little as we can get by with, too much carelessness and irresponsibility and thoughtlessness. Many a time I've heard some dispute the work assigned to them; I've often grumbled at the tasks given me. Frequently they are difficult or especially hard to reach. But nevertheless, after reading of the hopes and triumphs of those who have been so sorely hurt and handicapped in their struggle to develop and use their abilities to the best and fullest measure possible . . . I realize how little we appreciate our good fortune and our abilities and how reluctantly we attempt to use them. . . ."

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From a Private in the Pacific area: "While I was in high school I spent all my time with a girl who lived near me. Infantile paralysis when she was five had left both of her legs paralyzed. Even at the time I knew her, over ten years later, she was unable to leave her chair without help. Yet in spite of this, we went to the movies, concerts, baseball games, and many other places. . . . She had such a natural, unaffected way of treating her handicap that once you knew her you never thought of pity. She could not walk but she had more understanding, intelligence, appreciativeness and sweetness than any girl I've known since. I wanted to marry her more than anything else in the world until, while I was in college, she died of pneumonia . . . I've never met another girl like her . . . she possessed all the qualities that men dream of in women but rarely find. . . ."

From a young woman: "This has a great deal of bearing on suffering of any sort. And particularly on rehabilitation of one's slipping resolutions. . . . The deeper resolution I keep making is: Live one hour at a time in the light of all the beautiful things one knows and if they vanish, then in the dark, but in faith. . . . One cannot face all of life at once, either pain or waiting. One does not have to. That is never demanded. Only one hour at a time. It can be done if one does not let oneself look ahead. . . . And from each hour so lived comes new strength . . . but for every backsliding comes new weakness, too. There is, however, some light here: I have discovered that just because you backslide there is no reason to stop trying. . . ."

Thus, if we understand the laws that govern them — a physical disability, a mental hurt or an emotional injury — these things are not necessarily a lonely and sterile experience. They are not necessarily a time of withdrawal and negation. They can be a time of experience that is as creative in essence for the compassionate and receptive onlooker as for the sufferer himself.

When people ask me now what they should do for their wounded boys or relatives, I feel very much like saying to them what St. Augustine once said long ago: "Love, and do what you will." For if we love deeply enough and quietly enough so that our emotions do not cloud our understanding, we will find that meeting ground we crave where we can reach anyone, whether they be full of pain or not. It is the meeting ground I discovered through he letters; it is the meeting ground we — maimed or well — share with all others.

We call it the human heart.

CLEVERNESS is serviceable for everything, sufficient for nothing.

— AMIEL

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THE BIG THREE IN THE NEAR EAST

By Andre Visson

The two World Wars came to American shores from Europe and from the Far East. It is natural, therefore, for Americans to believe that most of the pitfalls for an international security organization are to be looked for in those disturbing parts of the world. But there is still another part of the world — the Near East — that is probably of even greater potential danger to the future peace of the world. For it is there that the major interests of the Big Three are now clashing and will continue to clash.

In the Near East the Big Three have practically identical, and hence competing, objectives. The positions of the three powers differ somewhat. Britain won her oil and her route to India a long time ago and is determined to hold them as long as there is a British Empire. The United States is establishing those objectives right now. And Soviet Russia is doing her best to have them established in the immediate future.

The Soviet Union is the only member of the Big Three that is geographically close to the Near East, practically a neighbor. As a matter of fact, she considers this area, which begins at her Caucasian borders, as her "military security" zone. If the Near East is the "economic security" zone of the Soviet Union, it is the "economic security" zone of the British Empire, and — in the belief of many American policy-makers — the "potential economic security" zone of the United States.

In the independent state of Egypt, the British officially maintain troops for the defense of the Suez Canal zone, and unofficially control the country's foreign policy. In Palestine, "overpromised land" — promised both to the Arabs and to the Jews — the British have a "League of Nations" mandate, some troops, and plenty of trouble. In Transjordan, a semi-independent state, they are in complete control of the country. In Iraq, where their mandate legally expired in 1932, they have a "privileged position" recognized by treaty, and for the duration of the war maintain troops to protect British-owned oil fields as well as the pipe-line with two outlets, in Palestine and in Lebanon.

In Iran the British enjoy no "privi-

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leged position" by treaty, but they have it *de facto* by virtue of their oil concession in Iran's southern provinces. Whenever any trouble develops, or threatens to develop, the British troops find themselves immediately on Iranian soil. They appeared at the end of the last war and even crossed the Caspian Sea to occupy the Baku oil fields during the first years of the Soviet revolution. They reappeared in Iran during this war (in August 1941), but this time together with the Soviet forces for the protection of lend-lease moving to Soviet Russia. They are still there and will remain as long as Soviet forces are stationed in Iran's five northern provinces. They promised to evacuate Iran simultaneously with the Russians, six months after the war.

They will certainly not leave a day earlier than the Soviets. As anxious as the British are for Soviet co-operation in the postwar world, and as willing as they are to make all concessions which such co-operation may necessitate, they need to defend their position in southern Iran — the last leg of the land route to India and site of their richest oil fields in the Near East.

The Near Eastern oil reserves are fabulous. The unrecovered reserves have been conservatively estimated at 15,500,000,000 barrels. They are bigger than those of Europe (the Soviet Union included) and South America combined (Europe — 6,355,000,000 barrels; South America — 6,734,000,000). They can be compared only with the oil reserves of the United States, which are estimated at about 20,000,000,000 barrels. And of those rich Near Eastern oil reserves which constitute almost one-third of total world oil reserves (50,700,000,000 barrels), England has the lion's share. She controls 76 per cent of the total output and more than 80 per cent of the total refining capacity.

More specifically, the British control the major part of Iran's 5,000,000,000 barrel reserve. The Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, in which the British government owns the majority of the stock, has succeeded in creating for itself in Iran a position of "a state within the state."

In the Sheikdom of Kuwait, the British, through the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, control half of Kuwait's 4,000,000,000 barrel reserve, and in Iraq British capital controls more than half of her 4,000,000,000 barrels.

These, in brief, are Britain's high stakes in Near Eastern oil.

II

Americans came to the Near East after the last war to get their share of Near Eastern oil and during the present war have realized the exceptional importance of the Near East to world trade routes.

The first American experience with Near Eastern oil was disappointing: in 1920 the British barred Americans from the Mosul oil fields. It was only in 1927, upon the insistence of the State Department, that the British let American capital have 23.75 per

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cent — the same amount was granted to the French — in the Iraq Petroleum Company which exploited the Mosul oilfields. This 23.75 per cent is now being held by the Standard Oil of New Jersey and by Socony Vacuum.

Ten years later Americans made an unsuccessful attempt to get a share of Iranian oil. In the spring of 1937 Iran granted a concession to the Seaboard Oil Company of Delaware and its subsidiary, the Amiranian Oil Company. But the British and the Russians did not view with sympathy the development of independent American oil interests in a country where Britain controlled the Anglo-Iranian oil concessions in the south and Russia controlled the northern route over the Caspian Sea. So in July 1938 the Amiranian Oil Company withdrew from the concession, leaving the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company unrivaled in the country.

Americans have been more successful in other Near Eastern countries. The Gulf Oil Company acquired in 1927 an option for the concession in the Sheikdom of Bahrein, an archipelago of islands in the Persian Gulf. Bahrein is a British protectorate and its Sheik cannot grant a concession to a non-British corporation without British authorization. But the British did not believe that there was much oil on the Bahrein Islands, so they authorized the Sheik to grant the concession to Americans.

Gulf did not discover much oil in the Bahrein Archipelago and sold it to the California-Arabian Oil Company, owned jointly by Standard Oil of California and the Texas Oil Company. When the new American prospectors discovered oil in Bahrein and wanted to extend their concession over neighboring islands, they had to struggle for a period of seven years against British interests. The concession was finally signed over to them in 1940, but with the stipulation that for the duration of hostilities all exploitation of Bahrein oil would be determined by strategic considerations.

Encouraged by the discovery of oil on Bahrein, the California-Arabian Company acquired a much more important concession in Saudi Arabia. Its ruler, the great Ibn Saud, is an old friend of Britain, which pays him a yearly subsidy of one million pounds sterling. However, he is not a British protégé. His country is an independent state, so he could grant a concession to an American corporation without having to ask for British authorization. Moreover, the British had had a concession in Saudi Arabia which they abandoned when they did not discover oil. The California-Arabian Company did discover oil in Saudi Arabia — in fact, very rich fields with reserves conservatively estimated at 1,000,000,000 barrels. Thus it struck rich twice — in Bahrein and in Saudi Arabia.

Gulf missed out in Bahrein but was happier with its other concession in the Sultanate of Kuwait, at the head of the Persian Gulf. Gulf originally

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wanted to obtain the entire concession of Kuwait, but since Kuwait, like Bahrein, is a British protectorate, its Sultan could not grant a concession to an American firm without British approval. The British allowed Gulf to acquire only half of the Kuwait oil concession; the other half was taken over by the powerful Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. But Gulf has its hands tied by interdiction from selling Kuwait petroleum or its derivatives in any area in which the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company is selling its product.

The British-owned oil fields have an enormous advantage over American oil fields in the Near East. Anglo-Iranian brings its produce by pipeline to the great refinery at Abadan on the Persian Gulf, which has a daily capacity of 320,000 barrels. And the great tanker fleet of Anglo-Iranian assures the distribution of Abadan production on the Asiatic market. The British-owned oil from Iraq is brought by pipe-line to Palestine and Lebanon, from where it reaches the European market. But if American-owned oil from Saudi Arabia or Bahrein tries to reach the European market it must go by tanker through the British-controlled Suez Canal, with almost prohibitive tolls.

Despite all those limitations and restrictions, American capital succeeded in controlling 24 per cent of Near Eastern oil. $100,000,000 are already invested in the Saudi-Arabian concession. And the building of an American pipe-line from Saudi Arabia to Egypt or to Lebanon — a project which raised such a bitter controversy when it was announced a year ago because it was supposed to be built with government funds — may still be realized with private capital. This would solve the problem of selling American-owned oil from the Near East to Europe at prices which could compete with those of the British-controlled oil from Iraq.

American oil corporations are now trying to return to Iran. They refuse to recognize it as being divided between the Soviet Union and Great Britain. Standard-Socony and Sinclair Oil are now both interested in obtaining oil concessions in that part of southern Iran which, since 1933, has not been covered by the Anglo-Iranian concession.

This Near Eastern drive of American oil capital is encouraged by many policy-makers in Washington. The United States has the greatest oil reserves in the world, but it is also the greatest consumer of oil in the world. In the two World Wars it has had to supply about 80 per cent of the oil used by the Allies. American strategists would like, therefore, to have sources of oil supply in the Eastern hemisphere, should the United States find itself once more obliged to supply oil to her allies in another world war. And the Near East is the richest oil reservoir in the whole Eastern Hemisphere.

It is also situated at the crossroads of the three continents of the Eastern Hemisphere, Europe, Asia and Africa. That is why Americans, attracted to

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the Near East by its oil, would like to assure for their ships and clippers the right to use Near Eastern naval and air bases. If the United States intends to take her place in postwar international communications, she must have, after this war, the same facilities in the Near East which the British enjoy there.

Thus American stakes in Near Eastern oil are strengthened by American interest in Near Eastern communications. A day may come when the British will welcome America's double interest in the Near East. They may need American assistance there against both external threats and internal troubles. But their immediate reaction is, unfortunately, Britain's traditional opposition to a young, enterprising and powerful competitor who threatens what used to amount to Britain's economic and political monopoly in that part of the world.

III

The Near East is not only Soviet Russia's "military security" zone, it is also the area of Soviet trade routes, which lead to the Mediterranean and to Central Asia. They have not yet been developed, but there can be no doubt that a postwar Soviet Union, determined to play her part as a world power, will claim her full share in the use of all Near Eastern communications. Moscow has not yet specified what her objectives will be in the field of Near Eastern communications. But at the Yalta Conference Stalin and Molotov announced that Moscow did not intend to renew the Soviet-Turkish treaty expiring on November 7, 1945. Modified international conditions, explained the Soviet leaders, justified Moscow's demand for a "privileged position" in the Straits. Will Moscow be satisfied with only a "privileged position" in the Straits? Or will she eye a harbor on the Persian Gulf shores as a warm water outlet — Russia's dream for generations? One thing is certain. Britain's control of Near Eastern communications, now challenged by the United States, will be still more challenged by the Soviet Union.

As to oil, Moscow went on record in October 1944, by claiming exclusive right to explore and exploit oil fields in northern Iran for five years, the price for the concession, as well as all other conditions, to be fixed eventually.

This demand, accompanied by street demonstrations in the Soviet-occupied part of Iran, provoked the fall of the Iranian government. It appears to have been precipitated by British-American competition for concessions in the still unexplored part of southern Iran, now occupied by the British. The Soviet Embassy at Teheran significantly inquired whether American oil prospectors would be interested in southern Iran alone, or would they expand their interest to the northern provinces also. The Soviet press still more significantly pointed out that while the United States controls 57 per cent of the

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world's oil resources and Great Britain 27 per cent, the Soviet Union controls only 11 per cent. All figures on oil resources cannot be definitive and are, naturally, controversial. Soviet oil resources, especially in the regions between the Kama River and the Ural Mountains, and in Siberia, have never been determined by Western geologists. It is probably a fact, however, that of all the Big Three, the Soviet Union is poorest in oil, though she is geographically the closest to the oil riches of the Near East.

For the time being, Soviet policy in the Near East appears to be concentrated on the recovery of Russia's former positions, lost since the Revolution. Moscow is now making a triumphant reentry in the Near East. She has reopened the legation in Cairo, established legations in Syria and the Lebanon — the independence of which she was among the first to recognize — and will open another in Bagdad, Iraq. And Soviet forces are occupying northern Iran.

In its advance in the Near East the Soviet Union is using several vehicles. She does not seem particularly anxious to employ the ideology of Communism, but obviously cannot disregard the assistance which may come from local Communists. In northern Iran the new pro-Soviet party, "Tudeh," with a strong Communist element, is becoming active politically.

Moscow has lately manifested interest in the Kurds, scattered in Iran, Iraq and Turkey. The national conscience of the Kurds might, indeed, be awakened by the seductive theories of the Soviet Union, particularly by the theory calling for a multinational state with various religious chiefs, including a Moslem Imam.

The restoration of Islam in the Soviet Union and the All Soviet Moslem Congress held a year ago at Tashkent, are very comfortable vehicles for Soviet influence among the Arabs. They feel greatly reassured in learning that the new great power so close to them no longer persecutes their religion.

Finally, the Soviet Union has still another useful vehicle in the Near East. The Greek Orthodox Church, with the new Patriarch in Moscow, has influential outposts in Syria, Lebanon, Turkey, Palestine, Egypt and Abyssinia. In Lebanon the Greek Orthodox Bishop heads the local "Society of the Friends of the Soviet Union."

But behind the Communist Armenians, the young Moslem Nationalists and the pro-Soviet "Tudeh" party in Iran, can be discovered the two recurring goals of power-politics in the Near East: oil and communications.

This brief survey explains why the Near East will be one of the main "danger areas" in the postwar world. The interests of the Big Three, indeed, already are clashing there. And even if Americans should decide to give up their interest in Near Eastern oil and communications, they will still be unable to ignore the area. It would be highly dangerous for the United States to ignore anything that might prove hazardous to Soviet-British relations.

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This illustration is taken from Metropolitan's Sound Film Strip, "Jimmy Beats Rheumatic Fever." If you would like to show this feature at your P.T.A., Woman's Club, Red Cross, or other Group Meeting, just write and let us know.

"Look what the doctor ordered for my Rheumatic Fever!"

That may seem like peculiar medicine piled up on Jimmy's bed.

But those books and games and crayons have been carefully selected to keep him contentedly occupied, until all signs of the disease have cleared up. He still faces long weeks in bed.

Bed rest is a tough assignment for any youngster who no longer feels sick, and wants to be up and at play. But if rheumatic fever and rheumatic heart disease are to be fought successfully, it is the best medicine he can get.

Doctors think it is the treatment that will do most to lessen the menace

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of rheumatic fever—*the cause of more deaths among children of school age than any other disease!*

Rheumatic fever in its early stages is very difficult to recognize—all the more reason why parents should be alert to its tell-tale symptoms. The most striking is pain and swelling in joints and muscles. The pain often travels from joint to joint and is frequently preceded by a sore throat or tonsillitis.

Other signs such as continued loss of weight or appetite, or fleeting muscular aches, call for medical checkup. They may or may not mean rheumatic fever.

Unfortunately the disease has a tendency to recur, so it is vitally important that the first attack be recognized and treated promptly.

Generally the sufferer must stay in bed under a doctor's care until all signs, including laboratory tests, show that the inflammation has disappeared. He may stay at home, if circumstances permit—or possibly in a convalescent home.

Equally important, thereafter, he should be protected as far as possible from contact with people who have colds, since recurrence often appears to be brought on by mild illnesses like colds, grippe, sore throat, and respiratory trouble.

Three quarters of those attacked by rheumatic fever are between the ages of 5 and 30—and of these the great majority are between the ages of 10 and 15. Experiments now being made with small regular doses of certain drugs show promise of preventing recurrence. But even if these prove effective there will be continued need to maintain susceptible children in the best possible health by regular medical supervision.

To learn more about this disease, send for Metropolitan's free booklet "Rheumatic Fever." Just ask for Booklet 55L . . . or use the coupon.

Remember—May is Child Welfare Month . . . a fine time to check up on the general health of your children. Take this occasion to make sure your boy or girl has been immunized against childhood diseases for which protection is available.

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POOR HARRY

A Story

By Marjorie Stengel

When they came out of the station it was a little after five o'clock. Just before they got into the cab, they turned their faces up to breathe in the familiar New York air, to contemplate the July afternoon that was bending toward evening. And because they were New Yorkers, this place, this little patch of the great city, this corner outside Grand Central, struck an odd chord in their chests. This scene of people moving out of a glimpsed office building, hurrying away from it as fast as the heat would permit, this sound of whirring traffic on the draggy summer air, this look of dirt and ugliness and the end of afternoon reflecting itself sharply on buildings and streets, stirred their hearts for an instant. They were back. They were home. It was the end of their honeymoon.

The leaden moted air pressed down on them through the open taxi roof. Harry mopped his forehead, then took off his hat and patted lightly at the top of his head, the fascinating spot where his sandy hair was beginning to thin. The ugliness of the city struck him with tremendous force. He was thinking wistfully of the place they had come from. He had a quick vision of sea and sky and great stretching space. He remembered nights cool enough for a topcoat.

But Jill, beside him, bounced gleefully on the leather seat, too excited to sit still. What she saw from the cab windows seemed to fill her with joy. She pinched his arm, saying breathlessly: "Darling, we're home!" Then she leaned back and sighed with pure contentment. "I guess I'm a real New Yorker," she said. "I always love getting back here after being away."

At these words, Harry emitted a cynical, barely audible growl. He thought to himself swiftly: "It's not New York she's so glad about getting back to. It's the family. *Her* family." He remembered them with jealous resentment. His wife, he noticed, hadn't looked quite this happy in the

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whole three weeks of their honeymoon. She didn't seem to be a bit sorry that it was over, and Harry felt hurt and disappointed.

Jill looked cool and tangy. Like a peppermint stick. Her dress was bright green with white stripes running down it, and she wore a silly pair of gloves that matched her dress and came halfway up her sun-browned arms. Every time the cab stopped for a red light, she leaned forward in a tense excited way — like a little girl watching a circus. Once she frowned at the driver's back and said: "Oh, make him *hurry!* I can't wait to see them," and Harry smiled at her in a pleased, almost paternal way. At this moment he saw in her something childish, something that made him feel too old for her, too settled. He thought swiftly about how young she was, how impatient, how full of spirit. He thought about how much he loved her, and he felt a swirling delight and astonishment over the fact that she had married him.

Nevertheless, an odd sense of gloom settled over him. He had imagined that once they were married things were going to be different, that Jill was going to belong more to him than to her family. But now he wasn't so sure. He pictured them waiting at the other end of this ride, waiting to snatch her back into their midst, out of his grasp, off into that crazy world of theirs, that baffling, impenetrable place which they alone seemed to inhabit and which, somehow, he had never been able to enter or understand or share with them. He felt, all at once, that everything would change the minute they set foot in Jill's house, that instantly the members of her family would be all-important, and *he* a mere incident, as far as Jill was concerned.

To think of this filled him with rage. Well, she's my wife now, he thought angrily, seeking comfort in this mental assurance and reminder, *my wife.* But, just the same, as the cab drew up in front of the apartment building where her family lived, a familiar sinking sense of despair, almost of doom, gripped him.

Jill rushed into the house ahead of him. A moment later she was back again, teetering about impatiently while Harry paid the driver and helped gather up their bags. "Oh, hurry, darling!" she said. Her voice was faintly shaded with impatience, almost irritation. Only one thing seemed to matter to her now, and that was to get upstairs to her family as soon as possible. Harry had the uncomfortable suspicion that at this moment she would just as soon rush off and leave him, without so much as a backward glance.

II

One of the family had crayoned a huge sign and hung it on the door. In tremendous red letters it said WELCOME HOME DARLING CHILDREN, and at the sight of it Harry took a deep breath. It had always struck him as extremely foolish, the

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way Jill's family was always thinking up things like this silly placard. Now he looked coldly at the big red letters, the long blue ribbon hanging limply from one corner, and a smiling Cupid that had been cut out of a magazine and pasted below the message.

Jill laughed happily. She reached out to touch the sign tenderly. She said, her voice bursting with love: "Aren't they *fools!*" Meanwhile, she kept one finger pressed on the doorbell. They could hear its wild, insistent ringing inside. Jill's face was flushed with joyful anticipation; it was marked with the look of belonging here, of being home. But Harry had to force a struggling half-smile to his lips.

"Darling, it's wonderful to be home, isn't it?" Jill said. She was too excited to notice his involuntary shrinking, his comical resemblance to a lamb about to be grabbed by the slaughter house.

Although it was the way he had pictured it, Harry winced as the door was flung open and Jill's family rushed at them. He had forgotten just how uproarious could be their enthusiasm when the five of them were together. Especially on occasions of reunion, such as this. They pushed each other in their frantic efforts to be the first to hug Jill — her mother, her two sisters and her father. Their wild greeting was a deafening chorus, cadenced with screams of delight and laughter. It was as if a huge tidal wave were washing out to engulf them.

Their arms pulled his wife inside the door. Harry waited in the hall with the baggage, completely forgotten, abandoned. At that moment he hated them. He wished suddenly that Jill were an orphan. He wished she disliked her family, instead of caring about them so much and wanting to be with them whenever she could. His pale blue eyes roved helplessly in her direction. They seemed to beg her not to go off with them, not to leave him alone. But already the family had grabbed her up. He could tell. He could hear it in Jill's hysterical laughter, in the secret joke she seemed to be enjoying with the rest of them. Harry couldn't see what was so funny. He couldn't understand that this crazy delight came simply from the fact that Jill was back home with them again.

All at once, they remembered him. In a mock, hoarsely dramatic voice that made them all giggle, Jill's mother said, "My son! My son!" Harry looked over her shoulder and flushed with embarrassment, as she flung her arms about him. Jill's two sisters, June and Joanna, hugged him enthusiastically at this signal, and Jill's father grabbed his hand and vigorously pumped it up and down.

It was the heat that eventually led them to the living room. Otherwise, Harry supposed, they might have stayed there for hours, that clinging little group, all giggling, all talking at once, all hugging each other with a frenzy of affection that he found very distasteful.

Jill sat in the center of the couch,

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her mother and two sisters on either side of her. Harry settled himself desolately in the big easy chair across the room. He watched jealously the way they were eating Jill up with their affectionate glances. Just as though, he thought angrily, they hadn't seen her for three years, instead of three weeks. His shirt clung damply to his back. Dreamily he thought of how nice it would be if the two of them could have gone to a hotel. He imagined a pleasant cold shower, a change of clothes, the intimacy of a quiet dinner with his wife, instead of the turmoil of this room, the incomprehensible madness of this family. Harry, listening to their laughter, thought to himself furiously: "They're crazy. All of them. Absolutely crazy."

All at once, a silence fell. Jill's mother looked over at Harry with smiling appraisal, almost as though she had read his thoughts. "Oh," she exclaimed, "*poor* Harry. Look at him! He's steaming."

At these words, as all their eyes fixed themselves upon him, Harry felt a murderous rage swim up in him. This "poor Harry" business was an old story. It was one of his mother-in-law's favorite expressions. She was always referring to him as "poor Harry" in a kind of pitying way, and it always made him feel like a fool. It always made him feel like some newly discovered intruder, a speck lifted on the end of a pin.

"Why poor?" he said feebly. "I really feel quite all right."

But nobody heard him, because again they were rocking with sudden uncontrollable laughter. They were laughing at him. And the thing that hurt most was that Jill was laughing, too.

"Darling," she said, "you're red as a lobster. Why don't you take a nice cold shower?" She contemplated him in a kind of amused way, with her head on one side.

Harry found the cool focus of her glance disturbing, impersonal, a thing of weighing and measuring. It was hardly the sort of look he expected of his new wife. He shook his head. He decided, stubbornly, that he wasn't going to budge. He had the feeling that if he were to depart, to shut himself away in the bathroom, close himself off from them under the crash of the shower, he would be the topic of their amused conversation. Maybe Jill's younger sister, June, would do one of her imitations — of him this time. Harry had no doubt that he was included in her repertoire. Everyone else was.

"I'm all right," he insisted. "I'm very comfortable."

But Joanna, aged fourteen, watched Harry's apparent discomfort with enjoyment and instantly was reminded of something. "Remember the time Mr. Reed was here and had all those Manhattans and got so *red* and so *drunk*?" she said.

The mention of this Mr. Reed, whoever he was, was enough to send them into renewed gales of laughter. Harry watched sternly what he felt

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to be mere abandoned hysteria: the gathering moisture in their eyes, the pink flooding into their faces, the shrieks of laughter and then eventually the gasping abatement, the mouths half-open to gulp and snatch at air, the raggy last notes of their mirth coming weakly out of their throats, riding on sighs.

Then, for just a few minutes, there was quiet. There was nothing but the summer heat rolling in the open windows and the vague sound of traffic, moving, it seemed, almost in a dream, its noises hanging lazily in the air as though paralyzed midway in flight. Harry gazed soberly at the fingernails of his right hand. He was thinking about Mr. Reed. He wondered who he was and just what he had done when drunk that was so spectacularly comic.

"A nice cold Martini might taste good," said Jill's father thoughtfully. He got out of his chair and went into the kitchen. They heard him setting bottles and glasses down, taking ice cubes out of the Frigidaire.

Jill said suddenly, smiling: "Remember the time Lillian had us for dinner and was trying to impress us? Remember those Martinis she made, and how she *shook* them?"

Only weariness kept them from laughing, but when Jill's father returned they were all grinning in an idiotic way, remembering the dinner at Lillian's. He set down the tray he was carrying and contemplated their amused faces.

"What's the joke?" he asked, anxious not to miss anything. "What's funny?" He knew that something had happened while he was in the kitchen, and it was unbearable that he should not be in on it. In that second a shadow passed over his face, a swift confusion; he appeared lost, completely out of things. Just like his son-in-law who sat across the room.

III

Harry drank purposefully. Each time his glass was refilled, he didn't say a word about the fact that gin gave him hives. He didn't say anything because he knew the Martinis would be a comfortable prop to lean back upon. By the time they were ready to go in to dinner, he was feeling their joyful bravado. In an unremembered bright way, he contemplated the pale green crescent of melon on the plate in front of him. He felt a pleasant nebulous affinity with it.

The heat seemed to grow in intensity and then reach a horrible standstill. All at once it was suffocating. The dining room was stifling, completely airless.

Jill's mother fanned herself with her napkin. "Oh," she moaned, "these hot flushes! I'm just drenched in perspiration."

"That's not a flush," Jill said. "It's the heat. And the Martini, too. That's probably making you feel even warmer."

"You ought to stop waving that napkin around," Harry heard himself suggesting. "All that does is speed up

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the oxidation. . . ." After so much wooden silence and not having anything to say, the sound of his own voice was very loud. And it was astonishing. Like yelling down into a valley and having an unexpected echo come boomeranging to his ears.

"We'd better go to an air-cooled movie," said Jill's father into the surprised silence. "I think the heat's getting worse."

It was just about then, as their glances lay fastened on the bright linen tablecloth with a kind of dreamy fixation, that there was a sudden gleeful, energetic flapping of the window drapes. A saffron-gray had veiled the summer evening. From outside they heard sounds that meant a summer storm was about to break. They heard an ashcan make a ringing sound on the street as it was flung down; they heard an ominous growl of thunder. A cool, damp breeze rushed in the window.

"Gosh," said June. She closed her eyes and sniffed ecstatically. "You can smell the ocean."

At this change in temperature, they were suddenly refreshed. Abruptly, thanks to the storm, they were their old selves. Their faces lost the look of strain and preoccupation and fatigue, took on a sudden brightness, as though they had just been scrubbed.

Jill began to giggle. She looked about the table. Harry, watching her, saw on her face a look of excited anticipation, saw how she glanced delightedly at each member of her family, but did not look at him.

"Remember the time we went on that camping trip?" she began. Already her voice was stifling as she choked back the beginnings of laughter. "We got caught in that awful storm. . . ."

That was sufficient. Evidently, it was impossible for any of them to forget anything. Harry sensed the hysteria frothing and bubbling up in them. Like a stream gathering itself to go over a bulkhead. Like the fizz rushing to the top of a glass of charged water.

"Oh, Lord!" moaned his mother-in-law happily. "Artie was there, wasn't he? Remember how every time he came out and got ready to go swimming a storm was sure to come up?"

They whooped with wild collective hysteria.

Harry wondered who Artie was. He felt again an ebb of spirit, a cool distaste, an alien loneliness. He imagined himself some heavy, ugly obstruction to the laughter that tumbled and rushed about him like a bright waterfall. The joyful web which the Martinis had laid over things was thinning out, separating in places. Once again he felt an angry impatience with these people and an overpowering urge to get away from this place.

Suddenly Jill's mother said, gasping a little: "Ah, *poor* Harry! I'm sure this must be awfully dull for him." There was a swift, sad little lull, a moment of quiet sufficient for Harry to hear the murmuring rain outside.

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Jill turned to him. It was the first time she had looked at him since they had sat down at the table. She regarded him with bright tear-marked eyes. Then she looked away. "Well," she said stubbornly, "*we* think we're funny!"

There was in her gesture something coolly aloof. A certain hardness and withdrawal. Harry thought to himself with stormy fury: God damn them! He felt a gathering potent hate for all of them: for the family, for drawing Jill away from him; for Jill, for taking sides with them. But most of all, for Jill's mother, for calling him "poor Harry" in that pitying way.

"I guess this storm lets the movie out," said Jill's father. "Shall we go into the living room?"

For a while after dinner, Harry had the comfortable feeling of companionship with his wife. They sat side by side on the couch while the others busied themselves in sections of the evening paper. Jill leaned back against his arm, and her being so near gave him a warm possessive feeling. It renewed the proud importance that had vanished the moment they entered this house. Just watching her profile, the upward half-circles of her eyelashes and one smooth pink-brown cheek, filled him with a mood of tremendous relaxation and joy. He thought of how much he loved her. He thought about her being his wife. He could hardly wait for them to leave.

"We'd better be going soon," he said, voicing this thought. "You must be tired." But he kept his voice very low, so that the others wouldn't hear what he said.

"We can't just eat and run, darling," Jill said brightly.

Her mother instantly looked up from her newspaper. Her attention pounced on this phrase. "Who's talking about going?" she demanded. "Why, it's teeming! We wouldn't think of letting you go out in this weather. You can stay here."

"We'll get a cab," Harry said swiftly. "We won't be walking." Premonition stirred inside him. "Don't worry about us," he persisted hopefully, "we won't be out in the rain."

But it was no good. He saw that instantly. Jill's sisters rushed over to her. They flung their arms about her. They kissed her. "Oh, stay!" they shrieked. "Don't go! Stay overnight!"

"You can have our room!" screamed Joanna generously, while June crowed: "And we'll have breakfast together."

Thus was it settled that they would stay overnight. The family beamed at Jill. She hugged her sisters. She crooned: "It will be just like old times. As if I weren't married."

Harry looked at her with dark accusation; then, in a rather mournful way, he gathered up their bags and carried them into the designated room.

This was a maple affair, full of toy animals which Joanna collected, empty perfume bottles which June collected, and a whole wall devoted exclusively to pictures of Clark Gable, which they both collected. It was a typical

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young girl's bedroom, the sort of room a man would naturally feel at odds with. But worse than the heady odor that the perfume bottles gave off, worse than anything, were the neat, virginal maple beds — twin beds, with a night table and reading lamp set decorously between them. Harry looked at them desolately. He had certain definite convictions about marriage and double beds. Their suite at the hotel had been changed to conform to his point of view. To sleep in this room would practically represent the breaking of a tradition.

While Harry brooded on this thought, Jill's sisters stormed in and out to remove their cold creams, hair curlers, pajamas, and the diaries which they always wrote in before they went to sleep.

Unfortunately, it was still too early to retire. Like slivers of steel being drawn to a magnet, like petals making up the blossom of a single flower, they all grouped themselves in the living room again. And, chained there by affection, closed in by the hour and the rain outside, they talked about what they would do now. With much debate and confusion, an old Bingo game was brought out and they started to play.

IV

Harry wondered why they could not go their separate ways, why, in this family, everything must be done in a community manner. He visioned for a moment the cool peace of his own long-since-parted-with family life: a place of closed doors, of each person having his own secret place and activity without intrusion. Meanwhile, in sultry mood, he stared at the cards in front of him, covering up the called numbers with bits of wood.

He was the only one who took the game seriously. To the rest of them, this game, he saw, was simply an excuse for being together, for reminiscing, for bursting into communal shouts of laughter. Even about things like demanding of Jill: "Now, tell us, is he a wife-beater?" Her father said: "If he beats you, honey, you know you can always come home." Hilariously, they jokingly began to plan Jill's divorce. They were kidding, of course, but Harry, frowning darkly, didn't like it a bit. Even now, when their merriment was directed at something he was acquainted with, he couldn't see what was funny.

At ten-thirty Jill's mother yawned. "Well," she said, "me for a cold shower and a book and bed." She went about kissing each one of them good-night, another family custom that Harry considered ridiculous. Just as she was going out of the room, she looked at her son-in-law in a rather vague, perplexed way. Maybe she read something on his face. "*Poor* Harry," she began. Then she stopped, as if she had forgotten just what it was that had aroused her sympathy, why she felt sorry for him. "Come on, Bill," she said to her husband, and, to her two younger daughters: "Children, don't you think it's about time for bed?"

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But that was farthest from their minds. Instead, they stretched out on the floor, looking at the evening paper which they had already read. Harry, glowering impatiently at their backs, wondered if he and Jill weren't going to have a single moment to themselves.

For want of something better to do, June folded a page of the paper into the shape of a fireman's hat and perched it on her head. She was a homely child, all angular skinniness, with pipe-stem legs and ugly knobby knees. Her tortoise-rimmed eyeglasses seemed too large for her small face, and behind these were two near-sighted brown eyes that noted people's failings and saved them up for future, amazingly accurate imitations.

The fireman's hat slipping down over her sister's hair excited Joanna with its tremendous possibilities. A minute later she was wearing one, too, and the two of them began to march about the room, singing at the top of their lungs.

Jill watched them with happy amusement, humming the tune of the song they were singing and clapping her hands in time to their steps. Then, as if she couldn't bear to be out of things, she jumped up, folded a fireman's hat for herself, and joined her sisters. Arms on shoulders, like a chain gang, the three of them marched up and down the length of the room, singing.

Harry had never thought either of them looked like Jill. He had even wondered sometimes how she could possibly have two such homely sisters. But all at once, as they marched past him, he saw the resemblance that stamped them. He saw it in the rapt idiocy of their faces, in the silly happiness of their expressions.

"Come on, darling, get in on this!" Jill shouted breathlessly. "It's fun." Before Harry knew it, she stepped out of line, folded another hat and, still singing, clapped it on his head. Her arms pulled at him, coaxing him into line.

For some reason, this was climactic, unbearable. Harry felt his impatience grow to terrible proportion. It swelled, distended, transformed itself into rage. A knot of hate worked in his throat, kept him from speaking. He felt it choking him. He reached up, wrenched the folded piece of newspaper from his head and flung it away. There was a wild look in his eyes. His breathing was hard and excited. He saw Jill watching him with round-eyed surprise. Then, without a word, he stormed from the room, straight to her sisters' bedroom, and banged the door.

He didn't put on the light. He stood there in the darkness, astonished at his rage and waiting for it to leave him. When it did, he felt lost and miserable. He lay down on the bed with tentative dignity. They had stopped singing, but, as he listened, a crash of their laughter was washed to his ears. He was sure they were laughing at him. Perhaps, he thought, June was doing an imitation of the way he had stomped from the room.

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He thought to himself that he had made a great fool of himself, and he lay on his back looking up toward the ceiling and feeling ridiculous — and very lonely.

In a little while, the door opened and Jill came into the room with cautious, hesitant steps. Harry kept his eyes fixed above him. His jaw slid into a cold hard line. Even when she snapped on the bed light and sat down next to him, he refused to look at her. Nor did he move when she picked up one of his hands and held it in the palms of hers.

It seemed a long time, as such moments do, that she sat there holding his hand while he riveted his gaze on the ceiling. Then he heard her say in a soft whisper: "*Poor* Harry." The hated phrase hit him like some terrible, swiftly accurate blow.

Her lips made light little kisses on the back of his hand and crooning wordless sounds, like an idiot's reflections. "*Poor* Harry," she said again.

He was listening so intently that he suddenly heard in these words an overwhelming sweetness and understanding. This seemed to be as warm and comforting a thing as she had ever said to him, that whispered "poor Harry." It was like listening to a child's lullaby — very few words repeated over and over again to a simple, lovely tune. Harry felt tenderly forgiving. He turned his gaze from the ceiling and looked at her.

She was different. Gone was the laughing, hysterical look. Her eyes were bright and moist, but instead of seeming to be that way from laughter, he almost thought for a moment that maybe she had been crying. She said to him: "You think we're silly, darling, don't you?"

The moment was so wonderful that he was inclined to protest, to reassure, to lie, to say that this wasn't so. But he could not bring himself to speak. Nor did Jill seem to expect a reply. "Well," she said thoughtfully, "we are. Darling, we're *very* silly."

He heard something objective in her remark. He heard something mature and wise in the tone of her voice. It was almost as though she repudiated all of them.

Harry had a sweeping sense of victory, as though he had come out the winner in some spectacular contest. He felt generous, expansive, able to cope with anything. Even his wife's family. He put his arms around her. He even thought it would be nice to hear her say "poor Harry" again.

CENSURE is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

— SWIFT

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THE THEATRE

By George Jean Nathan

Such Stuff As Dreams Aren't Made On

Margaret Webster is the best director of the plays of Shakespeare that we have. Her productions of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Henry IV* (Part I) and *Richard II* have been in larger part excellent. While her *Twelfth Night* and *Othello* have been materially less so, they have at least had a number of points to recommend them. That she has now fallen down badly in the case of *The Tempest* should not, therefore, too greatly distress her, though it probably will, since she is apparently gifted with so fertile an egotism that she resents any critical implication that it is possible for her to have committed a mistake.

Possessed of a very considerable intelligence, Miss Webster is occasionally over-ridden by it to the point of discontent with anything obvious, however sound. Intelligence has ever a way of inducing an impatience with the conventions, and Miss Webster's thus sometimes leads her arbitrarily to do something different merely for the sake of its being different, and without regard to its possible dubiety. This is made clear in her staging of *The Tempest*. Knowing, undoubtedly as well as anyone else, that any fantasy so rich in beauty should not be imposed upon with extrinsic and debilitating stage paraphernalia, she has yet allowed herself to be so impatient with simple, conventional and appropriate staging and has loaded the stage with so much new-fangled mechanical equipment that the play's poetry is largely lost, like a dreaming child forlornly wandered astray in a nut and bolt factory. What consequently emerges is less William Shakespeare than Henry J. Kaiser.

Despite this, Miss Webster, oddly enough, has been praised in various quarters for the "simplicity" of her staging of the fantasy. The praise is difficult to understand, since, while she has abandoned a lot of painted settings and some of the old accessories, the completely bogus nature of that simplicity is to be appreciated in her affected employment of a rotary stage built up to several levels and carrying a succession of enough stairs to serve the Maxim's scene in half a dozen *The Merry Widows* and enough bizarre architectures, ostensibly indicating divers localities on the enchanted island but looking more like bombed French cathedrals, Aztec ruins and Arizona florists' cacti displays, to constitute a year-book of the Schurz Evening Junior College's

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classes in design. Her so-called simplicity thus takes on the form of substituting an oversized, intricate and distracting mechanical device for the more conventional, much less intricate and entirely less distracting canvas backgrounds.

"The poetry of *The Tempest* is so magical that it would make the scenery of a modern theatre ridiculous," once wrote Shaw. The poetry of *The Tempest* is so magical that it makes the imposition upon it of the mechanical contraptions of the yet more modern theatre even more ridiculous. The Bard and a merry-go-round, particularly any such preposterous merry-go-round as Miss Webster has made use of, do not jell. To the poet, as Shaw said, should be left the work of conjuring up the isle "full of noises, sounds and sweet airs." The noises and sounds made by a heavily bedizened revolving stage are hardly conducive to sweet airs. "The reason is," concluded Shaw, "not that a man can *always* imagine things more vividly than art can present them to him, but that it takes an altogether extraordinary degree of art to compete with the pictures which the imagination makes when it is stimulated by such potent forces as the maternal instinct, superstitious awe, or the poetry of Shakespeare."

Miss Webster has eliminated the old transformation scenes with their scrims and wires and other properties but in their place has given us something quite as destructive to the poetic atmosphere of the play in the shape of whirligigs elaborately wound 'round with stairways down which one momentarily expects to behold a parade of Earl Carroll showgirls, at least.

* * *

It is time that modern stage producers let Shakespeare well enough alone. What with Reinhardt having converted his *A Midsummer Night's Dream* into a cross between the Vendome's show-windows and the Hanlon Brothers' *Fantasma*, what with Piscator having turned his *King Lear* into an acrobatic exhibition atop what resembled one of the loftier Swiss Alps, and what with other such producers both dead and alive having been and still being intent less upon staging him than themselves, the poor fellow, viewing the results from the grave, must wonder if his plays were not after all the work of Bacon.

If it be foolishly thought that such criticism lays me open to any charge of old-fashionedness and of hostility to modern staging in the aggregate, I simply reply, in the specific instance of Miss Webster's *The Tempest*, with the words of the character in Noel Coward's *Design For Living* who, accused of being old-fashioned, contented himself with the bland retort that, as far as he could see, most modern inventions just made a lot of noise. *The Tempest*, placed on Miss Webster's Joe Cook revolving stage, is modern, as far as I in turn can see, only in that it makes that lot of noise.

As for me, I seem to prefer my poetry in somewhat quieter surroundings.

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So far as Miss Webster's direction of the reading of the Shakespearean line goes, little fault can be found. In this direction at least she has worked with normal good sense. This time there have been no solemn treatises by her in the Sunday newspaper supplements attesting to her recondite discoveries, to her proud penetration of hitherto esoteric meanings, and to her analyses of passages that stood and stand in no more need of analysis than so many clear crystal glasses of spring water. She has unaffectedly and intelligently allowed the fantasy its relatively innocent say and has not sought to explain it out of itself, as she recently did with Chekhov.

In the above connection, one is again reminded of her journalistic performances in the case of *Twelfth Night*, a play in all respects so simple of understanding that to experience difficulty with any of its passages is beyond understanding. One such performance in her unnecessary quest of clarity took, in small part, this form, archly addressed to the Bard: "Editors have been consistently puzzled, and for many pages at a time, over Malvolio's 'These be her C's, her U's and her T's, and thus makes she her great P's,' since none of these letters appears in the superscription he has been reading. But then your own Sir Andrew, listening to it, is equally puzzled, and says so. 'Her C's, her U's and her T's? Why that?' he asks. Nobody's ever answered him."

That Miss Webster or the editors she refers to should have found the answer beyond them is little short of ridiculous. In the first place, the letter forged by Maria is a brief one and Malvolio, after a passing glance at the superscription, has ample time rapidly to scan it — as any other man in the surprised situation would quickly do — the while Fabian and Sir Toby speak their lines. His cursory glance discloses in the very beginning of the letter at least four C's, five U's (one in the superscription itself), ten T's, and, at any rate, one P. That he has scanned at least that first portion of the letter containing these letters is made perfectly plain by his spoken reference to "the impression of her Lucrece" before he reads the "like a Lucrece knife" to Fabian and Toby from the letter itself. And so on.

I do not wish to antic as a pundit, God forbid, but the whole thing, as Miss Webster should readily have known if she had not been so set upon making the incomplex complex, amounts to just another of Shakespeare's more or less arbitrary and daringly incorporated low biological and sexual jests, of which the old rascal was so fond.

A further substantiating and fairly analogous example is to be found in the scene between Katharine and Alice in *King Henry V*. And there are plenty of other instances.

It would at times benefit Miss Webster to paraphrase unto herself d'Aurevilly: "The passion for clarity should not go to the extent of emptying already empty glasses."

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It sometimes probably is that the showman impulse gets the better of Miss Webster and causes her in the interests of the popular box-office to dress her intelligence in floppy pants and a red undershirt, and to stick a loaded cigar in its mouth. Her interviews and critiques seem periodically to point that way, as do such things as her casting of a popular Negro actor as Othello and, in *The Tempest*, of a Negro ex-prize fighter as Caliban and of a beautiful ballet dancer as Ariel.

There is a *soupçon* of Barnum and Mike Todd in Miss Webster no doubt. But she goes about the business with so straight a face that we have no exact means of knowing when she is deliberately selling the public the Cardiff giant and when she actually believes that the Cardiff giant is on the level. Under the circumstances, her critics can only take her straight, as she insists they take her. But though under the circumstances she may fool the youngsters in her tent, any adult experienced in circuses nevertheless knows that the putty nose on the clown is false and that under it is the authentic one. It is Miss Webster's nose, for all her sly efforts to persuade the groundlings otherwise, that is rooted irremovably under the putty of her intellectual vaudeville. And it is Miss Webster's nose, not the putty one, that at times, as in *The Tempest*, catches the bad critical cold.

Language —

Language originated before philosophy, and that is what is the matter with philosophy.

— G. C. LICHTENBERG

Language is the armory of the human mind; and at once contains the trophies of its past and the weapons of its future conquests.

— S. T. COLERIDGE

Colleges and books only copy the language which the field and the workyard made.

— R. W. EMERSON

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I WAS AN AMERICAN SPY

By Claire Phillips

As told to Frederick C. Painton

When the American troops were retreating in Bataan, in February 1942, my daughter, Diane, and I had gone with them, trying to stay near my husband, John Phillips, of Headquarters Company, 31st Infantry. We had been overrun by the Japs, and we had fled to the hills. Here we lived like hunted beasts. Diane had bad attacks of malaria and, unless she had real care, might die. So in desperation I smuggled her into Manila, where we were sheltered by Judge Mamerto Roxas, a relative of my former husband, Diane's father.

During those terrible months in the hills I had developed a red hatred for the Japanese. I told Judge Roxas I was going to spy on them. My plan was to open a night club on the waterfront where I could watch shipping and troop movements, and might get information from Jap customers. Judge Roxas tried to dissuade me. He said I was sure to be caught and executed.

But I had seen enough of the Japanese to have utter contempt for their files and organization. I had worked for two months under the name of "Madame Dot" in Anna Fey's night club to get experience — right under Jap noses — and they had suspected nothing. I am olive-skinned with black hair and I passed as Italian-born, married to a Filipino. As a little girl in Portland, Oregon, I had been crazy about the theatre. To join a tent show, I left high school. I had done chorus work, played bits in stock companies as far as Denver. I have a low, husky voice that made torch singing natural. While at Anna Fey's, I studied the Manila night clubs and the Jap character. I believed if I charged outrageous prices and made the place exclusive and only for high Jap officials and military brass hats, I could make a go of it and get invaluable information.

Pawning a diamond ring and wristwatch for sufficient pesos, I rented a house near the corner of San Luis and Mabini Streets, in the Ermeta section. From here I could see the ships that entered and departed.

I named the place the "Tsubaki

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Club." A Jap newspaperman told me the word "club" in Japanese signifies exclusive and would keep out the low ranks. The word *tsubaki* means camellia, which to the Japanese means delicate and difficult to get.

When I opened the front door on the night of October 15, 1942, I had only twenty pesos to put in the cash register for change. I borrowed thirty more from a Filipino girl named Fely Cucuarra. Fely who knew Japanese songs was my chief performer. She knew what I was up to and helped me; she saved my life more times than I can count.

On opening night, as any Jap officer entered, I bowed my head very slowly and said, "*Kombara*," meaning a very polite good evening. After this display of Japanese etiquette, I would lead the officer to a table and he would select a hostess. She would pour his beer, light his cigarette and smile upon him. When I had made him comfortable, I would drift around the room or return to the door, ready to greet newcomers.

II

Most night clubs in Manila gave one floor show weekly; I had one every night. Fely did Japanese songs, I did torch numbers, and I had Filipino boys and girls do native dances which for some strange reason the Japanese like very much.

So the club became popular, but I had my troubles. The Japs first wanted to make me and the hostesses their concubines or mistresses. I would insist this was not *that* kind of a place. Some girls were beaten and I was slapped for our refusal. Gradually, however, as I built up a clientele of high-ranking Japanese, this trouble ceased.

All complained at first of the high prices. I told them I had to add in the price of the floor show and, "after all, it is necessary to pay to be so exclusive." You could see them swell with satisfaction.

The Japs have a stringent rule against dancing, which is regarded as disrespectful to the war effort. Nevertheless, Jap officers would often force the hostesses to dance with them. One night a Jap military policeman walked in. He crossed the floor to a Jap captain who was dancing, and though he was only an enlisted man slapped the captain's face. I was panicky because the Japs could now close down the place, and all my efforts would have been for naught. Fely whispered, "You get out of sight and leave this to me."

She and a Jap major talked to the MP. Fely said that we had protested but had been forced to yield. The Jap major did a little bribing. The MP tore up the complaint and from then on I was trusted by my Jap clients. I built up a clientele that came back night after night. I was making money. It was time to get to work.

I made contact with Captain John B. Boone, commanding the guerrillas in the Bataan military district. We worked out a code. My code

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name was "High Pockets." I had to send him food, medicine and other essential things, so my information was coded in food terms. If it was important information, he'd write "Beans delicious." If the news was stale, he'd write "Cabbage spoiled on arrival."

The first messenger we used was caught and shot. The second survived. He had a pair of double-soled shoes and we could put the message between the soles. One day — fortunately when he was not carrying a message — a Jap soldier admired the shoes and tore them off the boy's feet. Thereafter, we would split the center banana in a bunch, put a message inside, and fasten the skin back into place.

Once each month I sent Boone packages of food and medicine and all routine information. If I got anything hot and urgent, I had a Filipino waiter who would race into the hills at once. My standing order was to report the movements of all Jap vessels and the destination of advancing Jap troops.

A naval captain, skipper of a Red Cross hospital ship, came in one night. He got very drunk, as most Japs do, and told how he had just arrived from Bougainville with many troops. I asked, "Wounded?"

He laughed loudly and replied, "Only a few lightly wounded. All the rest are first-class troops. We knew the stupid Americans must let a Red Cross ship go unmolested."

I sent that information to the hills that night. It seemed to me rather important that we know the Japs use hospital ships for troop transport.

The captain also told me all badly wounded Japs were killed and buried. I heard this from many Japs who said the men were "as good as dead, and anyway it would save them from torture by the Americans."

Getting information often involved slaps, kicks and insults. One night I was sitting with a Japanese officer. He said, "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

I thought he meant he had seen me at Anna Fey's and I started to answer, "Oh, you mean before —" A brutal blow of his fist knocked me to the floor. He said angrily, "Always you people say 'before Japanese came.' Degenerate Americans gone forever. There is no before now. There is only Japanese new order. Remember that."

III

A few times I knew the result of my work. The captain of an aircraft carrier liked Fely's singing of Japanese folk songs. One or the other of us sat with him night after night. When he announced he was having his farewell party, Fely slyly asked him where she should write. He said he was going to Singapore and then to Rabaul. I got that information off to the hills posthaste. Months later one of the officers who had been at his party dropped in. Sadly he said to Fely, "Your sweetheart is no more. Most of us on that ship are no more." We shed a few crocodile tears.

One night the Japanese commander

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of a submarine flotilla took a fancy to me. He had been to San Francisco and seen Sally Rand's fan dance, and now he asked me to do the dance. I said, "You return tomorrow night and I'll do a fan dance." We made two fans of split bamboo and tissue paper. Fely sewed me some flesh-colored tights and I arranged a very dim reddish spotlight. The commander came with forty officers and they almost lost their eyesight straining to see if I were really naked, as they hoped, or wearing tights, as they feared. He returned again the next night with most of his officers. "You do Sally Rand dance," he said, "tomorrow sunrise we sail for the Solomons."

I did the fan dance with great success and sent off word to the hills. Some months after, an officer came to the club and told me that he was one of the few survivors of the flotilla. He got very drunk drinking to the ashes of the victims.

In the meantime, I had never ceased trying to make contact with the inside of Cabanatuan prison camp to help my husband. I joined what was known as "Group U," headed by Madame Unidsky. "Group U" sent messages, money, food and medicines into camp. I was making lots of money and I wanted to send John what he needed. I made contact, only to stand stunned and silent at the news, "Your husband died two weeks ago. The Japs said malaria — but he starved."

Chaplains Robert Taylor and Frank Tiffany (both to die with 1600 other Americans when a Jap prison ship was torpedoed en route to Japan) wrote me of the prisoners' urgent need. So we sent money and clothes. We unraveled bedspreads and knit the thread into socks; we even made medicine. In Cabanatuan, where the food was bad, beriberi and scurvy were prevalent. So we bought calamansis, native oranges rich in vitamin C, and boiled them down with sugar. This we put in a demijohn and sent to the camp. The guards had to be bribed, usually with American watches, pens and cameras.

Getting packages and money to Cabanatuan became a flourishing business. As many as 100 messages containing up to 20,000 pesos would go at a time. I have a fruit jar full of pieces of faded paper, receipts for money sent to the prisoners. Some are written on cigarette wrappers. They didn't have to send those, bless their hearts! Those who are alive owe me nothing, and I say now, "Forget it."

This running of food, medicine and money into Cabanatuan was my ultimate undoing. On the morning of May 23, 1944, I was sitting at breakfast in my housecoat, grief-stricken and uneasy because I had just been told that Ramón, one of the messengers to Cabanatuan, had been captured by the Japs. Suddenly four Japanese military policemen raced into the room. I jumped up. Two of them jammed revolver muzzles into my ribs.

"Where all your papers?" cried one, "you spy!" My heart sank, my throat got so dry I couldn't swallow. Spies

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are shot or, more often, decapitated. They blindfolded me and led me across town to a guardroom. Later in the day I heard the scraping of chairs and a table being moved in. Then the investigation began, with me still blindfolded.

A voice said, just as if out of a Hollywood movie, "You might as well come clean, High Pockets. We know everything."

The word High Pockets struck me numb. They had intercepted a letter. But to whom? Boone? If so, I was as good as dead.

He began reading a letter of mine to Chaplain Tiffany, and I realized at once that the Filipino girl who had been carrying that and many other letters had been captured.

Suddenly he said, "Who is Cal?"

I replied that it was an abbreviation for calamansi. That letter had dwelt on our running short of demijohns and I had asked Chaplain Tiffany to return all he had.

To my amazement, they didn't believe me. I was kicked and beaten. "Answer who is this Cal and who is Demijohn?"

Desperately I repeated again and again that "demijohn" was jug and "calamansi" was orange.

"We no fools!" cried the inquisitor. "Cal is code word and John is American name. You tell me what you say to this Demijohn."

I screamed at him again. Hands seized me. Now I was stretched out, bound hand and foot, head tied rigidly. Suddenly a garden hose was held to my mouth and nostrils. This was the water treatment and it is just like drowning, only more horrifying. I lost consciousness. When I regained my senses, I cried out with agony. They were pressing lighted cigarettes to the inside of my legs, the most sensitive skin. "Who is Mister Demijohn and what is Cal?" I cried out a repetition.

"So you want more water?"

Before they got the nozzle of the hose in my mouth I yelled, "Look demijohn up in a dictionary."

Then the water poured into my mouth and nostrils and I died all over again.

IV

I was left alone in that room for three weeks. My daily fare was three cups of water and one cup of rice. One day when the Jap was mopping the corridor outside my cell, I made signs that I wanted water to wash my filthy garments. He raised the pail filled with gray, sour soapsuds and hurled it in my face.

With matted hair, dirt thick on me, lice and fleas, I sat on the floor. I grew weak from lack of food, and flesh melted off me. The cigarette burns festered and made scars that I'll bear to my grave. I mumbled to myself to hear my voice and know I lived.

At the end of three weeks I was moved to Santiago prison and placed in an eight-by-ten-foot cell with eleven other women. After three

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months, in which each hour passed like a century and each day seemed endless, an officer I'd seen in the club passed the window. I called to him that I was going mad and wanted to know if he could have my case examined so I could have an end to this living hell.

At two A.M. (the Japs like to take you out of a sound sleep, thinking you will soften up) I was blindfolded and taken to the inquisitors. Here I was told that the papers in my case had been lost — but they had other incriminating letters of mine. In one I had been plain dumb, for I had written "Here I am, an American running a Japanese night club."

The inquisitor was furious at me, grinding his teeth and yelling, "You thief, you reach in Japanese pockets and rob them of money to buy things for degenerate Americans."

They tortured me until I passed out. Even if I had wanted to answer their questions, I was incapable of it now. The pain had dismembered my mind. I was insane with exhaustion and pain; I was raving and whimpering.

A week later, I was taken blindfolded to the old Spanish torture chamber under Santiago. Here the blindfold was removed and I saw a Japanese officer with a glittering drawn sword. He ordered me to kneel down. I felt the edge of the sword laid against the back of my neck.

"Say a prayer," he said, "for this is your end."

All within me drew tight in rebellion, at the incredible thought that this was the end; blackness and nothingness were ahead. I might have flinched, but I was incapable of movement.

V

There was only silence there, and time flowing like a gushing torrent, and I praying.

Then the officer's voice said, "You brave woman. You expected tell names. You no tell, so we must believe you." I never heard the end of that speech; I had fallen forward on my face in a faint. Three days later they took me to Fort McKinley for my formal court-martial. I was not allowed to defend myself. When once I thought I had better speak, a blow broke off half a tooth. "You required say only you guilty, not guilty," said a voice. I said guilty to get it over with, and was immediately sentenced to be shot as a spy.

Each night as I lay on the floor I thought, "This night they will come to take me out and shoot me." And after a while I was no longer afraid. This went on until November 22, 1944, when to my amazement, I was taken out for a new trial. The charge was no longer espionage but "acts harmful to the Imperial Japanese Government."

Asked how I pleaded, I stumbled over "guilty," I was so anxious to say it. I was there upon sentenced to twenty years at hard labor.

The next day I was taken to a women's prison; by contrast it seemed

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like heaven. We starved, we ate leaves and horrible cassava. But we worked at gardening under a kindly Filipino who asked only that we make a showing for the weekly inspection by Japanese officers. But my flesh was slowly healing and so was my mind. Then came that blessed day, February 10, 1945, when helmeted American boys came in. I went forth barefooted and ragged, but happy in my new-found liberty and in the hope of seeing my daughter Diane and my native land once more.

The Household in Olden Times—

A servant who is absent from prayers to be fined one penny. For uttering an oath, one penny; and the same sum for leaving the door open. A fine of twopence from Lady day to Michaelmas, for all who are in bed after seven, or out after nine. A fine of one penny for any bed unmade, fire unlit, or candle-box uncleaned after eight. A fine of fourpence for any man detected teaching the children bad words. A fine of one penny for any man waiting without a trencher, or who is absent at a meal. For any one breaking any of the butler's glasses, twelvepence. A fine of twopence for any one who has not laid the table for dinner by half-past ten, or the supper by six. A fine of fourpence for any one absent without leave. For any man striking another, a fine of one penny. For any follower for visiting the cook, one penny. A fine of one penny for any man appearing in a foul shirt, broken hose, untied shoes, or torn doublet. A fine of one penny for any stranger's room left for four hours after he be dressed. A fine of one penny if the hall be not cleansed by eight in the winter, and seven in the summer. The porter to be fined one penny if the court gate be not shut during meals. A fine of threepence if the stairs are not cleansed every Friday after dinner. All these fines were deducted by the steward at the quarterly payment of the men's wages.

— *Godey's Lady's Book*, June 1858

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PROSTIGMINE—A NEW WONDER DRUG

By Leona Alberts Wassersug

The brilliant triumphs of modern medicine and surgery depend as much on the skill of chemists as on the acumen of diagnosticians or the dexterity of surgeons. Bizarre and novel chemicals, created in the researcher's crucibles and test tubes, gradually become the familiar, everyday medicines of practitioners. Often a single synthetic drug, created with only one medical purpose in mind, finds an ever-widening field of usefulness in relieving human suffering. Illustrative of these facts is the case of the versatile chemical called *prostigmine.*

Prostigmine was originally designed to relieve certain distressing complications that are often an aftermath of abdominal operations. Yet, within a little more than a decade, this same medicine has come to play an important rôle in treating infantile paralysis and arthritis, in the nerve-and-muscle disorder called *myasthenia gravis*, in menstrual disturbances, and in some abnormalities of the eyes and nose. And even in such diverse conditions as migraine headaches, hyperthyroid disease and seasickness, prostigmine may have a definite, but more limited, beneficial effect.

By its judicious use, eye doctors can actually prevent or retard the development of blindness in some cases of *glaucoma;* surgeons can spare their patients the discomforts of post-operative distention; and x-ray specialists can obtain clearer, more definitely diagnostic films of the abdominal or urinary organs. Indeed, prostigmine is rapidly outgrowing the restricted therapeutic sphere for which it was initially intended.

It may seem strange that one synthetic chemical can be so successfully employed to combat such a wide variety of diseases. The main reason for its amazing versatility is that prostigmine enables a nerve impulse to travel smoothly from nerve to muscle, eliminating interference to its passage. Thus prostigmine breaks down the chemical barrier between nerve and muscle, as scraping a wire facilitates a contact. It enables nerve impulses to hop across to the muscles easily with less friction and less loss of power. By reducing chemical resistance, it helps

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the contraction of muscles that would otherwise be feeble or even motionless.

Although prostigmine was first synthesized in 1931, actually its history goes back to 1863. At that time, Doctor Fraser of Edinburgh, while experimenting with a peculiar extract of the "calabar bean," happened to notice that it caused narrowing of the pupils in the eyes of his laboratory animals. His extract was called "physostigmine." Soon other investigators observed that it was a potent drug with an unexpectedly broad range of actions. Probably most important of the observations were those made in 1907 at Harvard Medical School by Doctors Cannon and Murphy, who demonstrated that this strange compound had a marked but brief contracting action on the intestines. Other muscles, such as those found in the womb, were similarly but less noticeably affected. From here on, testing in the laboratory to trials on patients was but one short step.

Since physostigmine was able to produce marked stimulation of the intestines, surgeons began trying it on some cases of post-operative distention. It was soon discovered, however, that the drug was potentially dangerous; that it produced such disagreeable effects as slowing of the heart, shortness of breath, drop in blood pressure, and disturbances in vision. There was no question of its effectiveness on the intestines, but it proved undesirable for general use because it was altogether too toxic.

No wonder, then, that doctors began a search for other chemicals that would have all of the good and none of the harm of this nerve-and-muscle stimulator. One after another, chemicals were synthesized and tested, only to be discarded as too weak or too poisonous. The first important lead came back in March 1931, when Dr. E. Stedman and his associates reported the results of a systematic investigation of the physostigmine-like action of a group of chemicals called urethanes — compounds so simple that one of its members can be produced by the interaction of ammonia with dry carbon dioxide (dry ice). Within eight months thereafter, prostigmine itself was synthesized by a group of doctors working in a large commercial laboratory.

II

Chemically, prostigmine is a not-too-complicated compound that can be manufactured at a reasonable price and in adequate amounts. The pure substance is an odorless, white, crystalline powder, easily dissolvable in water. Advanced students of organic chemistry will recognize from its technical name "Dimethylcarbamic ester of m-Oxyphenyltrimethylammonium methyl-sulfate" that it is composed of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon and sulfur, and that, structurally, it contains a benzene ring. In the latest *United States Pharmacopoeia* — the doctor's handbook of proven medicines — it is recognized as an of-

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ficial remedy under the name of *neostigmine* rather than by the commonly used trade name of prostigmine.

At any rate, doctors know that among its many advantages over physostigmine is its greater stability. Ampoules or vials of prostigmine can remain on hospital shelves or in the doctor's bag for months without deteriorating. More important still, it is unbelievably safe and potent. When diluted to the incredible degree of 1 to 7,500,000 it is still able to cause contractions in a bit of rabbit's intestine. But even after it had successfully passed all these experimental hurdles, the crucial question still remained unanswered: would prostigmine prove equally useful in helping sick patients?

Clinical trials were cautiously begun in December 1931 and doctors soon began noting and reporting gratifying results. By December 1935 — within four short years — it had already been used in over 1000 cases of abdominal distention, many of whom might have succumbed had it not been for this super synthetic. Countless thousands of additional cases since then have served as the sound foundation for its clinical use, especially in the treatment of surgical cases who have had serious abdominal operations.

While prostigmine was proving its worth in the surgical wards, interested physicians were already making tests in other fields. Take, for example, the nerve-and-muscle disease called myasthenia gravis, a bizarre medical disorder whose symptons somewhat resemble poisoning by the deadly drug, curare. In this disease, almost always fatal if not treated, there is marked loss of muscular strength and profound fatigue. The afflicted person may be too weak to lift his eyelids, swallow, grasp light objects, or even turn over in bed. For over half a century doctors had been frustrated in all their attempts to find a reliable remedy for this strange illness.

Then, in 1934, a British physician, Dr. Mary B. Walker, initiated a "new era in the history of myasthenia gravis." Realizing that physostigmine (the drug from the calabar bean) had an antagonistic, antidotal action to curare, she administered it to a patient with myasthenia gravis. The experiment was a success. Her patient improved beyond all expectation. Almost immediately thereafter, both she and other doctors tried using prostigmine and obtained even better results.

The following year, at the Massachusetts General Hospital, Dr. Henry R. Viets and his associates devised a test whereby prostigmine could be used to help doctors distinguish myasthenia gravis from other nervous or muscular disorders causing extreme fatigue. Soon, the Myasthenia Gravis Clinic was established. Improvements in treatment were developed. By 1937 it was found that many patients could take their prostigmine by mouth instead of by injection. More than 125 patients have been seen at the clinic to date, most of whom have

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been helped. Among the patients were six physicians, who had been forced to retire because of their illness. Now they have been restored to health and are back in active practice.

Today, standard medical textbooks call prostigmine "the most effective therapeutic agent so far discovered" for the treatment of myasthenia gravis. No drug equals it for restoring muscular efficiency to these tired, exhausted patients.

More recently, Captain Robert Henner of the Army Medical Corps and Dr. William Busby, Chicago nose-and-throat specialist, brought new hope for sufferers from *atrophic rhinitis* — a chronic nasal disease characterized by crusting and odor — when they demonstrated for them the value of prostigmine. Earlier pathological study of the delicate nasal lining had convinced these doctors that the basic causative factors underlying this condition were infections within the nose and reduction or limitation of the local blood supply. Further testing had demonstrated that prostigmine, when used as a nasal spray, had the remarkable ability of increasing the blood flow to the parched mucous membrane lining the nostrils.

Since the doctors were skeptical of the glowing testimonials frequently offered by patients given *any* new treatment, they scientifically snipped out bits of nasal tissue before and after prostigmine therapy. Thus they were able to evaluate the results of treatment objectively, without bias, without being influenced by the patient's subjective account of his progress.

All of the eight cases reported by Capt. Henner and Dr. Busby in a professional journal for nose-and-throat specialists showed some degree of improvement. Often, new blood vessel capillaries could be seen extending into areas that had previously been bloodless. Carefully recorded nasal temperatures often showed a rise of as much as 6.4° F. — a further indication that the blood supply had been improved. Patients who had lost their ability to distinguish odors reported a return of the sense of smell.

There was, for example, the case of the eighteen-year-old girl who since childhood had suffered from excessive nasal crusting and odor. Before prostigmine treatment, her nasal temperature was only 92.1° F. and the mucous membrane of her nose showed thickening and an abnormal increase in the number of glands. After three weeks of nasal sprays, crusting and odor disappeared, the temperature within her nose had risen to 94.4° F., new blood vessels were observed in bits of tissue examined under the microscope, and the patient, herself, felt greatly improved. No treatment was used from the tenth to the twelfth week and, during that time, there was a return of some crust formation but no odor. At the end of the fifteenth week, however, treatment was concluded satisfactorily. Consequently, the doctors urge that prostigmine be given further clinical trials in similar cases.

In the eye disease, glaucoma, prostigmine plays an even more important

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rôle. According to a prominent Boston eye specialist, glaucoma is responsible for about one-third of all blindness in patients past middle life. Another ophthalmologist has put it this way: "Every person over 40 years of age is a subject for glaucoma," and it requires a careful eye examination to detect the presence of this common and treacherous illness.

The danger lies in the fact that the pressure control system within the eyeball gets out of balance, and the eyeball tension rises unchecked to alarmingly high levels. The increased pressure within the eye on the sight nerve may cause intense pain, blurring of vision, and often blindness. Prostigmine, used as "eye drops," acts at the appropriate nerve endings, and lowers pressures to safer levels, sometimes with dramatic swiftness. If the disease is not too advanced, sight may be saved. But prostigmine is not claimed as a cure for glaucoma; it merely helps control it and makes the patient more comfortable.

Prostigmine has also proved its worth in both the diagnosis and treatment of certain menstrual disorders. Back in 1940, Dr. Samuel Soskin of Chicago and his associates made the remarkable discovery that there were two distinct phenomena involved in the process of menstruation. The first was definitely dependent on the normal secretion of specific sex hormones. The second — and of great significance — was a *non-specific* stimulation of blood vessels within the womb which could be brought on by a variety of chemicals. Preliminary experiments on pregnant and non-pregnant rats disclosed that prostigmine could induce this non-specific blood vessel reaction in non-pregnant animals, without causing miscarriage in the pregnant.

Cautious tests with prostigmine injections were then begun in women who had complained of menstrual delay. On twenty-five pregnant women, prostigmine had no noticeable effect. But on twenty-five non-pregnant patients, menstruation was brought on within a half hour to seventy-eight hours after treatment. The prostigmine, by causing an increase of the blood flow within the womb, produced the desired result. Often only one injection was needed, though occasionally it took three treatments. On the basis of these laboratory and clinical trials, the doctors conclude: "The constancy of results in menstrual delay and the lack of effect on pregnancy make it possible to use prostigmine as a combined treatment for menstrual delay and a therapeutic test for pregnancy."

Other doctors soon confirmed these seemingly unorthodox findings. Dr. Haig Carapetyan of New York City reported uniformly good results in fifty-seven cases of menstrual delay, treated with prostigmine, provided that there was no serious underlying organic disease or severe endocrine (hormonal) disturbance. A West Coast physician tried it in sixty-two cases and found that it could serve as a reliable, simple test for pregnancy.

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Another doctor recently reported success in 100 cases. All agree that prostigmine is a potent, safe drug when administered for this purpose.

III

Perhaps the most amazing of all the new uses for prostigmine are those recently announced by doctors in the treatment of infantile paralysis and arthritis. According to Sister Kenny's theory of infantile paralysis, it is muscle "spasm" that sets the groundwork for subsequent disability and paralysis. If this is true, then prostigmine, by adjusting nerve and muscle relationships, could play an important part in the treatment. This hypothesis so intrigued Drs. Herman Kabat and Miland E. Knapp of the University of Minnesota Medical School that they decided to test prostigmine reactions on the muscle function of twenty-four stricken patients.

Their report, which was published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, gave scientific proof that prostigmine could help some patients who were being crippled by infantile paralysis. With prostigmine, muscle "spasm" relaxed, pain decreased, and recovery was accelerated. Occasionally even deformities of the arms or legs could be made to disappear. In twenty patients the beneficial effects of this wonder-chemical were obtained within *one hour* after injection.

In the twenty cases reported in detail by Drs. Kabat and Knapp, the recovery appeared to be definitely accelerated when prostigmine was used along with the regular Kenny hot-pack routine. Take, for example, the case of the nine-year-old boy who was started on the usual Kenny treatment two weeks after the onset of his paralysis. Five months later, he still had some weakness in the muscles of his right arm and the range of motion was greatly restricted. He was then given prostigmine tablets. Within two weeks there was a "great increase" in the range of motion and some increase in the strength of his right arm. The drug was continued for another three weeks. At the end of that period, there was practically a normal range of motion. The improvement was retained even after the medicine was stopped!

The case of a twenty-five-year-old girl was somewhat similar. Her Kenny treatment was begun six weeks after the onset of her paralysis. But the disease had crippled her body to such an extent that, five months later, she was still unable to sit up, support her body on her elbow in bed, or roll over. Her back muscles were severely affected and there was marked spasm in many of her leg and shoulder muscles. Prostigmine therapy was then added to her regular treatments and continued for eight weeks. At the conclusion of the treatment there was considerable improvement in the motion of her arms and she could lift her trunk on her elbow. "The drug therapy," state the doctors, "appeared to accelerate recovery." In other words, while prostigmine does not cure in-

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fantile paralysis, doctors have found that it helps some patients to improve more quickly.

These important clinical investigations could not but stimulate the imagination of physicians everywhere. At the Arthritis Clinic of the Philadelphia General Hospital, Dr. Philip Trommer and Dr. Abraham Cohen decided that prostigmine was worth a trial in treating certain arthritis cases. For some forms of arthritis, especially the type that doctors recognize as "rheumatoid," seemed to be especially suitable for study with prostigmine.

Nineteen patients formed the original group on whom the therapeutic studies were conducted. Many of them had suffered for years with their arthritis and had received a variety of medical treatments with but little relief. Injections of prostigmine, often combined with other medicines, were given three to four times weekly. Each patient was given a careful physical examination before treatment, followed by detailed observations of the immediate effect of the prostigmine as well as its long range effects on general progress.

The results of this new therapy can best be illustrated by the forty-two-year-old man who for several weeks had suffered from pain in his right shoulder which baking, massage, novocaine injections, and the extraction of several diseased teeth had failed to help. When examined at the Arthritis Clinic, it was found that lifting his arm away from his body caused excruciating pain, and soreness was present in the region of the shoulder blade. An x-ray picture of his shoulder made the diagnosis of arthritis absolutely certain.

Prostigmine injections were started. Within a few minutes, the patient began to express relief from his pain; he found that he could move his right arm and neck with much greater freedom. The patient continued to receive prostigmine for several months and according to the doctors' reports, he remained relatively free from pain.

Of the nineteen cases reported by Drs. Trommer and Cohen, thirteen responded favorably. In the majority, beneficial effects were often noted in from three to fifteen *minutes* after an injection, and the improvement continued for several days. Summing up their results, the doctors claim that prostigmine appears "more efficacious . . . than any other medication."

Prostigmine is truly an amazing triumph of chemical synthesis. In the few years that have elapsed since its creation in the chemists' test tubes, it has proved its worth both in the sickroom and on the operating table. It has gradually been found to be of therapeutic value in diseases of the eyes and nose, in headaches and in menstrual disorders, and even in certain cases of seasickness and hyperthyroid disease. Distinct progress has been noted in its use with infantile paralysis and arthritis sufferers. So, although some of the clinical tests on prostigmine can still be regarded as being in the preliminary stages, the results are definitely "encouraging."

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LOW AND HIS CARTOONS

By Rollin Kirby

According to the British *Who's Who* David Low was born in Dunedin, New Zealand on April 7, 1891, apparently with a silver pencil in his mouth, for the record shows he became a cartoonist on the *Spectator*, Christchurch, in 1902 — an example of precocity that leaves one quite breathless. Assuming *Who's Who's* figures are correct and that the child of eleven really did trip into the *Spectator* office with his little bundle of drawings and get the job, it would indicate an assurance on his part that has never deserted him. He is, judging from his work and a slight personal acquaintance, a man of few doubts. It is difficult to envision an editor saying to him, "Now see here, Low, I don't care what *you* think, but here's the idea I want to draw," and getting away with it. Not what one would call a yes-man.

We left the little boy diligently scratching away at his drawing board in the *Spectator* office where, it may be supposed, he worked for the next nine years. At the expiration of that time, feeling the parochial life of New Zealand no longer offered sufficient scope for his abilities, he packed up and moved on to Australia and began his island-hopping career. Here, a mature veteran of twenty, he joined the staff of the Sydney *Bulletin*. Perhaps it was one of those unaccountable flowerings, like a tiny Italian Renaissance, that produced in this paper such artists as Phil May, Norman Lindsay and Low. As Whistler once said in substance, "Art happens. No potentate can command it, and no hovel is safe from it." This is not, however, to suggest that the *Bulletin* office was a hovel but merely to point out an interesting commentary on the capriciousness of the sporadic and too-seldom fruition of art in unlikely places.

Whatever the influence was, here Low worked for the next nine years perfecting that lean, economical style which was to become so well-known wherever the English language is read.

Presently Australia became too local. In 1919 he packed his gear together and sailed for London where he was given a berth on the *Star*.

ROLLIN KIRBY, *one of the few truly great cartoonists of our time, was one of the glories of the old New York* World. *He was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for the best cartoon three times — in 1921, 1924 and 1928.*

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Eight years of this, and then Lord Beaverbrook, that shrewd and indefatigable little man (and himself a colonial), reached out for him and he moved over to the *Evening Standard* where he has reigned for the past eighteen years.

Such, then, is the chronological rise of the small boy from Dunedin. Since 1908 he has published twenty-two books of drawings and letterpress. One, *Lions and Lambs*, was done in collaboration with Rebecca West who provided the searching and mordant text which ticked off the literary and political big-wigs of England. Here his great gift as a caricaturist reached its apogee. This business of caricature is a very distinct and separate art — and a rare one. All cartoonists attempt it, for nothing is more devastating than a shrewd exaggeration of a victim's features and figure. To take the salient characteristics of the human face and, by slyly emphasizing here and giving a wry twist there, produce a distortion — still the man, yet somehow different and slightly ludicrous — takes a very special talent indeed. Max Beerbohm had it, and here in America Alfred Frueh has it to an extraordinary degree. This gift, added to Low's other technical equipment, gives him a double-edged sword with which to lay about.

But technical dexterity alone has never made a good cartoonist. It is what he says that is important. A

"Look out, Brauchitsch — he's getting another inspiration!" *David Low*

Copyright, Low — All Countries, 1939

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"I did it to assure your destiny." — *David Low*

Copyright, Low — All Countries, 1940

good drawing never saved a poor idea but many a good idea has been rescued despite a mediocre drawing. A cartoon, being an editorial, must say something. It would be as though an editorial writer, gifted with the style of a Walter Pater, had nothing but that felicity of words with which to express himself. And so if the cartoonist has nothing much to say — if he takes his ideas from others, if he has nothing of the crusading spirit in him and is content to do his little daily job of fabrication — the result can only be one of mediocrity and nothing more.

Low, despite his great control over his medium, cannot be compared with Daumier as an artist. As a purveyor of opinion for the daily press, however, he is infinitely superior. He has evolved a stark, condensed method of expression, an elimination of all superfluous detail — influenced, if you will pardon the expression, by the Japanese — that is instant in its percussion. Bing! there you have it without any of the fussy, distracting little bits of non-essentials that clutter so much of many other cartoonists' work.

There can be no question of the

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exuberance of the man. He rides at full gallop with a free rein. His war cartoons are superb. Rarely does he go in for the symbolism of a giant hand holding a torch which lights the world, or a humanized globe of the world covered with patches, or any of the standardized devices of the cartoon world. Rather he deals in personalities, usually world figures — Hitler, Goebbels, Himmler, Goering, Mussolini, Churchill, Roosevelt — any of the principals in the great conflict. His ability to reduce a complicated thing such as a mass of whirring machinery or a great crowd of moving men to a simple synthesis is extraordinary. He leaves out much more than he puts in and yet the whole scene is presented clearly and unmistakably. So much for Low as the artist.

II

The other side, the larger side, resides in his mind and his convictions. No doubt he is a reformer — he would like to reform the whole world and feels, one is sure, that he is capable of carrying quite a lot of the burden. One couldn't call him a modest man for he occasionally puts himself in his cartoons — a stoutish little bald-headed man with beetling eyebrows and a goatee, who is throwing his weight as a person behind some statesman or cause, or is slyly eavesdropping at some conference where cartoonists are not supposed to be. Humility and Low do not go hand-in-hand. Nonetheless, he is a great force in the British Empire, and it is an interesting speculation as to what would happen to the circulation of the *Standard* were the Beaver to let him go.

His influence on the other cartoonists of Great Britain, even to the far-flung colonies, has been pronounced and the press abounds with his imitators. It is a good, clean method and a refreshing change from the stately effigies of the Victorian Tenniel and his inheritor, Bernard Partridge, whose static style has so long been in the tradition of *Punch*.

If Low had not been born with his gift of drawing, he would have been either a politician or an editorial writer. No man so opinionated as he could have kept bottled up within himself the ferment of his mind.

He lives with his family in St. John's Wood. At four in the afternoon the messenger from the *Standard* comes for the cartoon. There has been no editorial supervision; no one has told him what to draw or what the "leader" in next day's paper will say; no editor has admonished him, "I don't think we should touch on that." He is a completely free man. Oh, thrice-happy Low! There is a rumor as to the amount of salary Beaverbrook pays him, and he is worth it. It is what we cartoonists in our lighter and more wistful moments call "a pretty penny."

As one views such of his more recent work as comes under observation here in America, one seems to detect a slight falling off in execution — a very understandable change in view of what

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every Englishman has gone through since the beginning of the blitz. It is difficult to imagine anyone, no matter what his job may be, sitting down in calmness of spirit to his task with V-2 rockets falling around, houses collapsing and mangled bodies lying about. No "all clear" now to let one know that danger for the moment is past.

Lest this account appear too friendly, it may be said that not all of Low's work achieves the high standard already indicated. It is impossible for any man who keeps but one jump ahead of a printing press to ring the bell three times a week. There come days of frustration, when the deadline creeps upon him and the presses are about to roll and the cartoonist's brow beads with sweat. These are *not* the days when the best work is done. The non-commercial artist sitting in his studio with his palette and brushes, under no greater compulsion than wondering where the month's rent is coming from, knows nothing of the tyranny of the clock as it ticks off the minutes; nor, to take the brighter side, does he step up to the cashier's window when the week is done.

Low, in one of the introductions he has written to a volume of cartoons (*Low On The War*), has endeavored to set forth the cartoonist's credo:

Path of Glory — Nazi Style *David Low*

Copyright, Low — All Countries, 1940

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Cartoonists blend fancy with fact. So they mislead. But the terms of their expression are accepted and understood, and their imagery is not taken for the literal truth. Everybody knows that Mr. Churchill is not really a bulldog and that Britain is not peopled actually by worried little men with "Public" written across their chests. Since their performances are open and above-board I should place cartoonists, as liars, in the white category. Their spiritual integrity is not in question, and their technical deviations from fact but serve to give to their expression an elasticity eminently suited to the chronicling of life in a madhouse. In short, cartoonists, as liars, are fit and proper historians of world affairs.

His work will be one of the clearest records of our time. It is an account of an untrammeled mind, liberal to the core. Admiring Churchill for his magnificent leadership during Britain's long hours of trial and heartbreak, yet distrustful of the Tory mind, he finds in President Roosevelt the sum of all that he believes in and trusts. Quincy Howe, in his preface to Low's *Cartoon History of Our Times*, says, "Few chroniclers of recent times who use the typewriter as their medium have analyzed these events so shrewdly as Low has in pen and ink. . . . He admires President Roosevelt more than any other contemporary statesman. . . . If the unexpected happens and civilization survives its present crisis, he will surely end his days as one of the first, and most honored, citizens of the world."

Except for various introductions to the volumes of his work, the present writer has no knowledge of the writing Low has done. He does find, however, a curious discrepancy between the drawings and the writing. The former are lucid, economical and sharply to the point, while the latter is apt to appear involved, turgid and at times "clever," obviously "intellectual" and full of verbal roulades.

III

This sketch will have been without purpose if it has failed to present the picture of a man who is at once a brilliant artist and a keen, liberal political and social thinker, one who has the audacity even to attack and hold up to ridicule his own employer at times, and is of such caliber as to have arrived at the summit of that fabulous peak known as Carte Blanche, toward which other cartoonists raise wistful eyes but who are forced to remain in the dark valley of Paper Policy.

This aspiration, this wish for complete freedom, is of course something that can never be brought about; for who is to deny a publisher's right to dictate what goes into his paper? The best the cartoonist can hope for is to identify himself with a paper reflecting his own views so that he will not stultify himself. In that case he can hold his head up and, with a clear conscience, do his daily work. As has been pointed out, Low is an exception to this almost universal rule for, by the force of his own gifts, he has been able to impose his views upon those of his publisher. This is not to say that on every point he is at odds with Beaver-

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brook; for on the conduct of the war, to take but a single instance, there have been no differences of opinion. The fundamental divergence ever remains that of a liberal expressing his own views on a more or less Tory paper.

And so, in the language of the travelogue lecturer in the newsreels, as the evening sun sinks behind the battery of linotype machines and rotary presses, we take leave of Low as he paces back and forth on the beach of his journalistic Shangri-la. He has come quite a distance from Dunedin.

WHO JOURNEYS BACK

By Helen Howland Prommel

Who journeys back to some remembered place
With dreams upon his heart of things he knew,
Will often find they wear a stranger face
And wake to find himself a stranger too.
The old house where he lived has disappeared,
The meadow vanished and the apple tree;
And he is conscious of the thing he feared —
How unremembering human eyes can be.
Return like this is not a coming back
But new departure, desolate with pain;
Reality can show a memory's lack
Of power to bring dead things to life again.
Oh, better far be lonely for lost years
Than see dear dreams dissolving into tears.

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THE PLAGIARISM RACKET

By Channing Pollock

Some wit has defined a plagiarist as "a man who writes plays," and apparently a great many people agree with him. Just under 40 per cent of the authors whose works had more than 200 performances on Broadway in the period between 1910 and 1930 were compelled to defend themselves against this charge. The alleged malefactors included two winners of the Pulitzer Prize, who were accused of lifting their material from the obscurity in which it reposed and continues to repose, and about every other dramatist of distinction in America. Not one of them was found guilty, and in all probability not one of them was less than $5,000 poorer for the experience. It has been estimated that what the critic, Howard Barnes, calls "this plagiarism racket" costs authors not less than $100,000 a year. However funny the definition of a plagiarist, as I have indicated above, it isn't always very funny to the writers.

Fortunately for them, the number of these cases has declined sharply. The trickle of plagiarism suits began about the turn of the century with a judicial pronouncement that *Cyrano de Bergerac*, then in the first flush of its success, was not the work of Edmond Rostand, but of Samuel Eberly Gross, of Chicago. Obviously, anybody could be responsible for a masterpiece, and could reap a rich reward by merely waiting for someone else to write it. Later, when this verdict was cited during a trial for plagiarism in Washington, the dramatist, Augustus Thomas, aptly protested against "an attempt to influence this court by a decision that made another court ridiculous."

However, the trickle became a flood after 1908, when a third court determined, quite properly, that Paul Armstrong's *The Heir to the Hoorah* was based on a short story by Henry J. W. Dam. This is almost the only case on record in which both plaintiff and defendant were professional authors of standing; and, while the offense was legally plagiarism, what Armstrong had really done was to dramatize the short story in question without the consent of, or payment to, its originator. Dam's estate was awarded all the royalties and profits from this

CHANNING POLLOCK, *dramatist, newspaper critic and lecturer, has almost a half-century of authorship behind him.* The Enemy *and* The Fool, *perhaps the best known of his plays, have gained him a wide and appreciative audience both here and on the Continent.*

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extremely successful production — a sizable price for a short story — and apparently hundreds of persons who had never published a sentence got the notion that fame and wealth lay in alleging the theft of what they had been unable to sell or give away. The limitlessness of this ambition is indicated by the fact that, when Susan Lawrence Davis charged that the novel *Gone With the Wind* infringed her *Authentic History of the Ku Klux Klan*, she asked damages of not less than $5,000 per copy sold, or a total of about six and a half billion dollars.

The frequency of these suits ebbed after thirty years of almost unvarying verdicts for the defendants. Only the innocent suffered, since establishing their innocence was expensive in money and time, while attorneys for the plaintiffs usually worked for a contingent fee and a considerable amount of free advertising. In 1931, however, Federal Judge John M. Woolsey ordered a losing plaintiff to pay a total of $17,500 of the costs incurred by Eugene O'Neill and his publishers, Boni & Liveright, in the case involving *Strange Interlude*. I question whether O'Neill or Boni & Liveright received very much of this sum.

When Federal Judge Thomas D. Thacher awarded me $5,000 counsel fees in the case of *The Fool*, and the award was confirmed by two higher courts, my plaintiff promptly went into bankruptcy and left me holding the bag. Even the irresponsible and insolvent may be deterred, however, by the discovery that their actions are more likely to bring ridicule than réclame, and liability rather than largess.

Now the tide began to turn. Although vindicated defendants, in copyright cases, have rarely been successful in recovering their legal expenses, other penalties began to seem possible. Judge Manton actually fined one litigant for filing a "frivolous and wholly unjustified claim." In acquitting H. G. Wells and the Macmillan Company of the charge of having pilfered *The Outline of History*, another judge suggested the culpability of "literary and legal advisers" who counselled such charges "against a reputable publishing house and an eminent and respectable author."

The repute and eminence of publisher, producer or author seems rarely to have counted for much in these cases. Most of us would think it unlikely that men and women of admitted probity, who have spent years learning their trade and achieving distinction in it, should suddenly be tempted beyond their strength by the literary treasures created by barbers and stage-hands. Yet why should an expert in values rob a junk-shop while priceless jewels are to be had free — that is, while the masterpieces of three thousand years are in the public domain? Why should a Rostand capable of originating *L'Aiglon* and *Chantecler* go to a business man for *Cyrano*, and why was a business man capable of creating *Cyrano* never able to create anything else worth mentioning before or since? And since a messenger

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of the Scotland and Midland Bank charged Arthur Wing Pinero with stealing the plot of *The Thunderbolt* from him, the question then arises, in common sense, where did Pinero get *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and *The Gay Lord Quex?* Having got twenty such plays out of his own brain, why should he burglarize that bank-messenger for the twenty-first?

Finally, why should any established and presumably prosperous author risk his reputation, his time and hundreds of thousands of dollars by stealing what he might have purchased for the smallest fraction of that amount? There must be answers to these questions, and reasonable people who know them — but I don't.

II

Long and costly experience and observation persuade me that an overwhelming majority of these litigants can be classified into two groups. First and most numerous are the tyros, ignorant of law and literature, who, when they write "I love you," are convinced that no one ever wrote those words before, and that by so doing they have acquired exclusive rights to the phrase. Actually, of course, the statutes create no such monopoly; if they did, authorship must have come to a dead stop about twenty centuries ago. If there was nothing new under the sun in Biblical times, there is certainly nothing new after the production of the millions of volumes housed in the British Museum and the Library of Congress. Copyright covers only *copying* — the appropriation of sequences and arrangements of ideas or phrases — and not ideas or phrases themselves.

Most people who charge plagiarism are blissfully unaware of all this. In fact, I doubt that many professional authors fully realize the extent to which every idea has been used. When, in 1918, I wrote what I believed to be an original play, and discovered that it closely resembled O. Henry's *Roads of Destiny*, I tried to preserve myself in the rôle of Caesar's wife by a division of royalties with O. Henry's estate and his publishers, Doubleday, Page & Co. It was Russell Doubleday who afterward told me: "That plot is one of the commonest in literature. It occurs half a dozen times in *The Arabian Nights*." The newspaper man who sued Rennold Wolf and Cohan & Harris and me on the ground that much of our musical comedy, *The Beauty Shop*, was to be found in his *Dr. Fakewell*, was overcome with amazement when I pointed out how much more of *Dr. Fakewell* was to be found in *Pinafore!*

To the ranks of the ignorant, under a sub-heading, should be added the "nuts." Everyone sufficiently in the public eye to receive mail from strangers knows that there are more of these than can be accounted for by existing nut trees. The verdict in the Wells-Macmillan action stated that this plaintiff "was not in a condition of mind to judge fairly of the very

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serious charges she was bringing," and many such charges are pretty obviously psychopathic. A lady whose claim had been dismissed wrote me recently: "The court was plainly in this conspiracy. A man who made all the money that crook made out of my story could afford to buy up all the courts he needed, and this would explain what you say about how few decisions are in favor of the real, but poor authors."

The second of my two groups is composed of the kind of people who used to step in front of moving motor cars, and then sue for damages. Alleging plagiarism may be less painful and far more profitable. Lest I be accused of the sort of obsession suffered by the correspondent just quoted, I merely mention having heard of at least one shyster who employed an assistant to read manuscripts filed for copyright in the Library of Congress. Whenever an unpublished or unproduced story was found that bore some resemblance to a current and successful novel or play, this lawyer wrote to the author of the unpublished or unproduced work, calling his or her attention to the similarity and suggesting action. Whether or not there are such *agents-provocateurs*, this "plagiarism racket" is explained largely by the number of lawyers willing to serve without payment other than a share of any possible award, and in return for the incidental notoriety.

In one celebrated case that went to the United States Supreme Court, the defendant wondered how his insolvent opponent had obtained the hundreds of dollars required for printing records. They soon discovered that the money had been furnished by relatives of the attorney's bride, because of the reputation they thought their new son-in-law might acquire by pleading before this tribunal. The most obviously unfounded charges are brought without expense, but may cost the acquitted victim months of time and as much as $40,000. Naturally, the unscrupulous are tempted by such a game of heads-I-win-and-tails-you-lose.

Both types of prosecution frequently — perhaps generally — verge on the fantastic. The works alleged to have been stolen sometimes fill only twenty or thirty pages of manuscript, and are utterly worthless. Similarities described in the bills of particulars are often no more remarkable than that two girls have red hair. The newspaper man who thought *The Beauty Shop* taken from his *Dr. Fakewell* claimed that both plays had scenes on a seacoast and that in each there was a reference to Lillian Russell. In the action against me on account of *The Fool*, involving more than a million dollars, a reputable lawyer stressed that in his client's play and mine a prearranged signal was to acquaint an unsuccessful suitor that his lady had changed her mind. Said suitor in the plaintiff's opus suggested that the lady raise the shade in her bedroom and pass a light across the window three times; in mine, he remarked, "See how you feel in the morning. My telephone's

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Rhinelander 6942." O'Brien, Driscoll and Raftery, my attorneys, suggested that "there are only four or five means of communication, and we must be allowed the use of one of them."

Fulton Oursler and Lowell Brentano were accused of looting six different plays for material in their great success, *The Spider*, and four of these actions were joined before Judge Thacher, who dismissed them all. Otherwise presumably each of the six authors must have sued the remaining five, and so on. Within the past few months, the courts threw out a claim against the librettist, the composer and the producer of *Carmen Jones*, brought on the ground that the plaintiff had originated the idea of "jazzing up" grand opera. Now John P. Marquand and George S. Kaufman have been sued on account of their joint dramatization of Marquand's novel, *The Late George Apley*. The plaintiff alleges that since he first thought of adapting the book, he should receive the profits of the venture though he had never sought to acquire dramatic rights from the author, who is thus penalized for using his own story!

When a novice at writing finds another work similar to his own, he usually rushes to court; a professional author merely rushes to the wastebasket. Experienced authors are too well aware of the possibility of innocent infringement. In the first place, as stated, there are very few wholly new ideas — though the employment of old ones may be novel. Many stories originate in a newspaper item, or in an incident widely known. Some time ago, in London, the wife of the actor, Henry Ainley, had an adventure which she related to her two luncheon-guests, myself and J. B. Priestley. Both of us saw the potentials in the tale, and, laughingly, we tossed a coin to determine which of us should write it.

I won, and published the result in the *American Magazine* under the title of *Preview*. Subsequently, the editor of *Harper's* wrote me that he had received scores of letters pointing out that my story had been "stolen" and used in another he had just published. This latter was the work of a well-known contributor in London, and he was unwilling to bring the matter to her attention before learning my reaction. Of course, I replied that the Englishwoman probably had heard the yarn as Priestley and I had done, and had an equal right to it. Almost every professional, I suppose, knows a dozen such stories that he refrains from writing because of the certainty that other authors know them, too, and that one of these may beat him to the draw.

III

I suspect that the most general source of plagiarism claims is the wholly commonplace — the idea that must have occurred to hundreds of people. For that reason, if no other, the experienced writer carefully avoids this kind of concept. A friend came to

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me recently with what she regarded as a startlingly original theme: surgery because the doctor needed the money, and resultant catastrophe. I told her this plot had been used by André Pascal in *La Caducée*, and by thirty or forty other authors before and since. Otherwise, the lady probably would have written her story and sued the next in line.

Under all the circumstances, what is called coincidence frequently may be nothing of the sort, but it is common and sometimes rather amazing. Planning a comedy that Rose Stahl acted under the title of *A Perfect Lady*, the late Rennold Wolf and I spent a whole night searching an atlas for a town served by two railways but still sufficiently isolated never to have heard of the tango. Ultimately, we picked Sycamore Junction, Kansas, and, while we were writing the piece, Rupert Hughes published in the *Saturday Evening Post* a story called *When the Tango Came to Sycamore Junction.* Since we couldn't abandon our play, for which Miss Stahl had been waiting a year, we brought evidence of independent conception to Rupert. "You don't have to prove to me that you're not crooks," he said. When we asked him how in heck he had hit upon Sycamore Junction, Rupert answered, "One of my closest relatives was born there."

However, except for the so-called Darwinian Theory, which was independently and almost simultaneously announced by Charles Russel Wallace, the most astonishing coincidence I know in literature was that of an incident employed by Augustus Thomas in *Arizona* and by Edwin Milton Royle in *The Squaw Man.* The point of resemblance here was nothing significant, like the fact that a comic character says, "Oh, it's awful!" in Aurelia Bachman's *Etelle*, while another inquires, "Ain't it awful, sir?" in Edward Locke's *The Case of Becky.* Mr. Thomas and Mr. Royle merely coincided in using the episode of A shooting at B in the instant B is killed by C. The revolvers are discharged simultaneously, there is only one report, both heroes A believe themselves murderers, and both are exculpated by the fact that the bullet taken from the body is of a different caliber. Neither Mr. Thomas nor Mr. Royle went to court; Miss Bachman did — twice — and was defeated both times.

My own conviction is that plagiarism is impossible to experienced authors because no two could write the same story in the same way. Piracy, or literal copying, is another matter. Piracy is occasionally attempted by novices at short-story writing who try to swindle magazine editors, but the success of the attempt is rare. True, there have been cases of piracy so skillfully disguised as to be actionable as plagiarism, but they are comparatively few, and almost never the act of a professional author. The movie companies, or their employees, have been the commonest offenders, and it would be difficult to find a more typical instance than that

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which recently brought a verdict against Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in the case of *Letty Lynton*. Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes based her novel of that title on the records of a crime committed in Britain. Edward Sheldon and Margaret Ayer Barnes used the same story very differently in their melodrama, *Dishonored Lady;* and Metro, having bought the novel, helped itself to the play.

Justified or unjustified, the belief of writers that this not uncommon type of disguised piracy, or plagiarism, is easy work for movie makers has resulted in a division of interests among authors that has blocked efforts at remedial legislation. Years ago, I headed a committee in the Authors' League that hoped to propose to Congress the procedure adopted in England, whereby a judge reads both manuscripts and then dismisses the case unless he finds in them a *prima facie* cause for action. That is almost what happens here, though too often only during or after a trial that may cost even successful defendants dearly. My committee never got anywhere because the writers of published fiction, available to any purchaser of the book, were unwilling to back a bill that they feared — mistakenly, I think — would leave them at the mercy of an unscrupulous element in Hollywood.

Fulton Oursler has proposed insurance covering the costs to the defendant of unsustained suits, and certainly something should be done to safeguard the author who walks out of court vindicated but broke — even as I did with my play, *The Beauty Shop*. But financial reimbursement falls short of justice to this man — as in the catastrophic case of Richard Walton Tully and *The Bird of Paradise*. The victim of an almost unbelievable miscarriage of justice, Tully was finally cleared after eighteen years of litigation that left him impoverished and mentally crippled. "I've lost the best years of my life," he complained to me bitterly, "more completely than if I had been convicted and sent to prison — and the law gives me no redress." Dick, who had produced at least two outstanding successes before that time, died very recently, without having written anything of consequence from the day the action against him began.

I never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world, ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden.

— Richard Rumbold

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DOWN TO EARTH

By Alan Devoe

The Water-Strider

The creatures of earth are generally divisible into three categories: the flyers, the swimmers, and those that walk (or creep or run or crawl or glide) upon the surface of the earth or in burrows underneath it. We ourselves have always been able to progress over the surface of the earth, and for ages have been accomplished in tunneling under it; so we are given only a moderate astonishment by the running-art of an antelope or the boring-art of a mole. We have always been able to swim; so we are not completely taken aback by the proficiency of a trout. With the invention of an auxiliary machine, the aircraft, we have become at home in the currents of the upper air; and it has given us a link of common accomplishment with hawks.

Without supplementary mechanisms to aid us, to be sure, we cannot run so fast as a deer, or tunnel so proficiently as a woodchuck, or glide through the water so fleetly as an otter; but at least we have these gifts by extension. What the flyers and walkers and swimmers can do is not altogether alien to our experience.

But a visit now in the spring to the nearest country brook or millpond brings acquaintance with a creature that must have a peculiar enchantment for even the least responsive man, by virtue of its gift of doing something that lies outside our experience altogether. The creature is a small insect of the kind the entomologists call *Gerridae.* Children and countrymen call the insect a water-strider or a water-skater. It is this insect's peculiar and imagination-kindling gift to walk upon the surface of the water as casually and firmly as another animal treads the land, to glide and leap upon the water as a human skater pirouettes on ice, to repose itself unsupported upon the water as comfortably and unsinkably as a man reposes himself upon a raft. In watching a water-strider we experience something of what must have been felt by men who, in the days before the invention of human flying, watched a great hawk or eagle lazing in the sky, resting — as it seemed to them — on nothing.

We experience something of a very old magic: the same delight that comes to us when we read a fairy tale in which a witch is beheaded without suffering harm, or when we have a dream of walking through a solid wall or a closed door, or when we watch that hackneyed but never-failing trick

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of movie-makers: the reversal of the film so that a character who has been seen (for instance) to leap from a cliff, is then seen to leap — impossibly and intoxicatingly — back up again. We are caught up in fantasy and ensorcerized.

In countrysides where Catholicism prevails, the faith of the people tinctures everyday living in signs, symbols and habits of nomenclature, to a degree that sometimes startles those Protestant Christians who are accustomed to using religious language only on Sundays and only with a decorous reticence verging on embarrassment. In areas of unsubdued Christian idiom, a popular name has long attached to the curious insects called *Gerridae*. Because of their eerie ease in walking on the water, the people call them Jesus-bugs.

II

During the winter months the water-strider has been stilled in near-hibernation. Hidden under the brook-bank, clinging among snarls of water-weeds beneath the ice, it has remained in torpor except for brief outings on occasional warm, sunny days. Now in the spring sunlight it has glided out on the water-surface to resume its pe-

Water-Strider *Frank Utpatel*

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culiar and enchanting performances. The water-striders are notably gregarious. They gather in little groups and clusters, body touching body, the whole aggregate drifting slowly downstream with the current, then restoring themselves to their former location by a series of violent, jerking kicks with their oar-like feet.

The water-strider is a true "bug": one of that relatively small entomological group, the hemiptera. As it rests on the water it looks rather less like an insect than like a spider. Its middle and hind pairs of legs are extremely long, thin and spindly, and are placed very far toward the posterior end of the body's second segment, so that the extended femora of the hind legs trail out behind the end of the body. The front pair of legs are placed very far forward. Because the legs are so far separated, and the hind ones so extremely long, the water-strider, like a spider, gives the impression of being, so to speak, all legs. The resemblance to a spider is increased by the fact that the water-strider's antennae, composed of a long first joint and three shorter ones, are placed so near the forelegs that they are easily taken for yet another pair of limbs.

Like other bugs, the water-strider is equipped to feed by means of piercing and sucking. Some bugs feed on vegetation; but the water-strider is a preyer on animals: on small fellow creatures that share its water-world. Under the water-strider's head, recurved beneath it, is a long sharp beak, composed of four joints and sheathing stiff bristles that serve as a lancet or needle. Because the beak is always curved under the head, the water-strider must hold its prey clasped underneath its thorax while it pierces the victim's flesh and draws out the juices. This is the accomplishment of the far-forward forelegs, strong and prehensile.

Eyed, beaked, instantly responsive to the stimuli of a sudden water-ripple, a sudden movement, which may mean prey nearby, the water-strider is equipped to seek its meat. It glides out on the water-surface, watching, waiting.

The water-strider's light body is sustained upon the water by a combination of two factors. The outstretched legs are so long that they cover a very large area in relation to the weight that is required to be sustained. And over all the body of the water-strider there occurs an extremely dense growth of very fine hair. Thick-growing hairs of miscroscopic texture cover and encase the water-strider with a "pile" like that of velvet. In this over-all "nap," the interstices hold ever a film of air which the water does not penetrate. The questions of physics which pertain to the surface-tension of water — to the nature of the water's "film" or "skin," which must be broken through before an object submerges to whatever extent its specific gravity entails — are extremely complicated; but a part, at least, of the water-strider's secret is easily enough indicated in the familiar ex-

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periment wherein a dry needle is placed very gently on the surface of water. Though the material of the needle is something like eight times the weight of its own volume of water, the needle does not sink. The surface-skin of the water impedes it. The water-strider, its long legs far flung, rides on the surface-film. Further, the myriad interstices of its covering of fine hair hold pockets of air, covering the whole insect with what amounts to a buoying air-film. As the water-strider places its hairy feet upon the water, the water is depressed into dimples, but it does not break. The elastic water-film is only pitted and pocked with the tread of the small walker upon it. Because a water-strider is a small and not very conspicuous insect, a man looking into a brook-pool often first becomes aware of its presence when he sees, on the bottom of the pool, the grotesquely magnified shadows cast by the water-dimples that its feet impress upon the upper surface.

The water-strider's forelegs are only for seizing and holding its prey. Its locomotion is by means of the middle legs and hind ones. It throws out the middle pair vigorously from the sides, and they act substantially like long, jointed oars, enabling the insect to get a powerful leverage and shove itself forward in a series of jerking, spasmodic pushes. While the middle legs effect this propulsion, the long trailing hind legs, projecting backward, are kicked in steering gestures. They are the water-strider's rudder.

The water-strider's prey may be almost any kind of small insect — gnat or midge or leaf-hopper or whatever — that tumbles from the brook-side vegetation into the water. With particular frequency the water-strider makes a meal of the curious little fellow bugs, also aquatic, that are called *Notonectidae*, or backswimmers. These, as their name indicates, are insects characterized by the singular ability to swim upside down. On backs that are rounded and keeled like the bottom of a boat, they row about the brook, bending their jointed legs at each back-stroke, alternately depressing and erecting the bristles of their "oars," taking their rest by hanging head-downward from the water-film or by submerging and anchoring their front feet to the stem of a water-weed. The backswimmer is itself predacious, feeding on other aquatic insects; the water-strider seizes the backswimmer and sucks its juices; in its turn the water-strider is itself preyed upon. In a May brook-pool, no less than everywhere else in the natural world, each living thing is at once a victor and a victim. Those are the terms of blood and breath. A close look at a water-strider often reveals that the insect is brilliantly flecked and ornamented with a vivid scarlet. The bright patchings and mottlings are congregations of the tiny red larvae of water-mites, aquatic relatives of tick and spider. They have attached themselves by their hooked mouth-parts to the water-strider's body, working their heads deeper and deeper, until

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only their swollen scarlet bodies remain outside the flesh of the host; and they are engaged in a ceaseless sucking.

A water-strider must sometimes dive. When it does, its body shines and gleams from the glittering film of air that attaches to its velvety-haired body. When the water-strider ascends again, there may be seen perhaps the most fantastic — the most childishly enchanting — of all its performances. Bumping against the water's surface-film, it fails to break through. Sometimes, then, it turns upon its back. Little upthrust hummocks appear on the water-surface. The water-strider, deftly and incredibly, is walking on the water . . . but from underneath.

DECORATION

By Carolyn Wilson Link

Not for the hero, not for the one who went
Into a grim game open-eyed, and found
The dark incredible his element,
This makeshift wreath is wound;

But for the dreamer, the spindling boy who took
The long way home, when bullies lay in wait,
The one whose nose was always in a book,
Who, startled and too late,

Woke to a fierce, confusing, squalid hell,
Yet somehow did what soldiers have to do;
For this, his millionfold small miracle,
My wreath, laurel and rue.

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THE LIBRARY

W. L. White and His Critics

By William Henry Chamberlin

There are few precedents in our literary history for the chorus of vituperation, organized and unorganized, prompted and unprompted, that accompanied the publication of William L. White's account of his six weeks' visit to Russia last year.[1] A group of correspondents and writers who are working or have worked in Russia took the unusual step of associating themselves with a blanket denunciation of a book which those who are not in this country could scarcely have read.

White was bombarded with verbal brickbats by a small legion of reviewers, ranging from the frostily correct Foster Rhea Dulles in the New York *Times* to the intellectual *pontifex maximus* of the *New Masses* and the *Daily Worker*, Isidore Schneider, who gives his "review" the revealing and characteristic title: "A Lackey Abroad." Francis Hackett, in the New York *Times*, Bruce Bliven in the *New Republic*, Ralph Bates in *PM*, Lewis Gannett in the New York *Herald Tribune*, joined in the chorus of detraction and denunciation. The chorusmaster was David Zaslavsky, professional hatchetman of the controlled Soviet press, whose invariable reaction to any foreigner who finds conditions in Russia a little this side of paradise is to hiss "Fascist," with a choice assortment of gutter adjectives. Comrade Zaslavsky did not wait for the publication of White's book. As soon as a summary appeared in the *Reader's Digest* he pronounced it "the standard stew from the Fascist kitchen, with all its aroma of calumnies, unpardonable ignorance and undisguised malice."

One hopes that at least some of the singers of the hymn of hate against White's book will, on reflection, become ashamed of the political and intellectual company they are keeping. One may also hope that, as sometimes happens, the volley of critical brickbats will enhance public interest in the book and increase its distribution. For, with all its inevitable limitations, it gives the American people two things they desperately need. One is an honest, vivid, pictorial view of Soviet living conditions, without benefit of Soviet censorship; the other is concrete grounds for believing that their system, conceived

[1] *Report on The Russians*, by William L. White. $2.50. *Harcourt, Brace and Company.*

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in liberty and based on political democracy and respect for the rights of the individual, is enormously superior to any form of totalitarianism, whether Communist or Fascist.

The volume and the shrillness of the critical blasts led me to read White's book carefully from beginning to end, making numerous notes and observations. From the tone of some of the attacks one might have imagined that White went to Russia with black murder in his heart, determined to malign every individual Soviet citizen and to slander the Soviet system at every opportunity. At the very least one might have expected him to say that all the women in Russia were nationalized or that Stalin breakfasted daily on boiled babies.

Now what impressed me most strongly on reading the book was the author's patent honesty of approach. Honesty, of course, does not mean infallibility. If William L. White had been the wisest man in the world, he could not have personally checked up on every detail of Soviet political, economic, social and cultural life in the course of a brief trip heavily interpolated with banquets and formal entertainments. His book does not and cannot possess that rare authentic grass-roots character which one finds in John Scott's *Behind the Urals* or Markoosha Fischer's *My Lives in Russia*. Both Scott and Mrs. Fischer possessed the unusual background of having lived for years in the Soviet Union under Russian conditions, and then emerging to write freely and candidly of their broad impressions.

But every incident, every detail which White reports on a basis of personal observation rings true by the test of my own twelve years of residence in the Soviet Union. Sometimes an experience of my own in the late twenties or early thirties is duplicated by White, almost down to the last detail. For instance, in describing a visit to a Soviet motor factory, he describes "the caste system in dining rooms." There was a dining room for the exclusive use of the director, another for the foremen, still another for the workers.

This same arrangement impressed me when I visited Magnitogorsk, the big new iron and steel center in the Urals, in 1932. There I counted no less than seven of these "caste" dining rooms, which ranged in quality from the plentiful, if heavy, fare served to high plant officials and imported American engineers to the subhuman diet allotted to the unfortunate kulaks and political prisoners, of whom tens of thousands were employed on forced labor jobs.

Another coincidence is even more striking. Along with Eric Johnston and other members of the party, White visited the Siberian town of Omsk. In going through a local factory he began to talk in German with a woman correspondent for Tass, the official Soviet news agency. The rest of the story may be told in White's own words:

> In the plant we were walking together, she translating for me ahead of the in-

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terpreter. It was all going well until I left her for a minute to speak to Eric. When I turned back, I saw that Zemenkov, our Foreign Office man, and Nick, the NKVD (Political Police) plainclothes man, had each grabbed her by an elbow and were hustling her along, lecturing her angrily. . . . Presently they dropped her elbows, and after a discreet interval I walked up beside her, picking up the conversation where we had left it. But she would neither answer nor look at me.

The fresh air of Kansas free speech did not go very well in Omsk. What impressed me about this incident is that it is a precise replica, one important detail apart, of what happened when my wife and I were visiting a new tractor plant in Cheliabinsk. I was talking with some of the plant officials and engineers while my wife circulated among some of the forced laborers, finding out why they had been sent there. One told her that he was a worker who had accidentally broken a machine in a factory and got a sentence of six months at penal servitude. Another was a peasant whose story was that at a collective farm meeting he had cried out too loudly that there was nothing to eat.

At this point a hard-looking local Communist stepped up to my wife, gave her a meaningful look and inquired:

"*Grazhdanka* (the Russian feminine word for citizen), are you a Soviet citizen?"

When my wife cheerfully responded that she was not, he stepped back crestfallen. Here is about as perfect a cap for White's story of his brief and quickly interrupted conversation with the Tass correspondent as one could imagine.

There is still another personal truthfulness test that White's book passes with flying colors. One of my American acquaintances came to Moscow and tried the experiment, with his wife, of living for a year in Russia on what could be bought with Soviet-ruble salaries. Although the couple was well-to-do, they renounced the use of American dollars for the year, stayed away from the tempting shops where delicacies were sold only for foreign money and lived on their ruble income. They were young and strong and came out of the test a little lean, but probably none the worse physically. What impressed my acquaintance, after living Russian life in the raw, was the complete contempt for the consumer's needs and desires in the gigantic bureaucratically managed apparatus of state trade and distribution. He summed up this impression with the joking suggestion that every Soviet store should display three slogans, as follows:

The public be damned. . . . The customer is always wrong. . . . If you don't like this store, go somewhere else. (Note: the nearest store is ten miles away and has no goods in it, anyway.)

White offers a complete confirmation of this impression when he writes:

What is missing is competition. Nobody bothers to put up a striking store front or a beautifully arranged window display. The grocery stores are all run by the food trust; the clothing stores, by the textile trust. It is a matter of considerable indifference to the government, even in peace time,

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whether the public chooses to buy its socks or sausages at one particular drab government bureau, or at a similar branch several blocks down the street.

II

If *Report on The Russians* were entirely negative and critical, even though the negations and criticisms were well sustained, it might justly be challenged as unfair. But it is not that kind of a book. I do not think there is any favorable aspect of life under the Soviet régime that White fails to mention and to recognize fairly. Stalin, to him, is "a great man." He is enthusiastic over the idea of co-operation with Russia, in peace as well as in war. His antipathy to Nazism and everything it stands for need hardly be emphasized, in view of his earlier writings.

He finds high praise for the treatment of minor non-Russian nationalities, based on his observations in Kazakhstan. The Russians, as he finds, are superb artists and good farmers. He leans over backward to be fair, even favorable, in his judgment of Soviet foreign policy. "Russia," he suggests, "needs to be dealt with on a basis of delicately balanced firmness and friendliness. To date, the Roosevelt Administration has done an excellent job of this."

Here is perhaps one of the most seriously questionable statements in the book, although White's baying pack of critics do not raise this point. It would be interesting to know where William L. White, or anyone else, could discern much "firmness" in the Administration's dealings with Stalin. However, it is simply laughable to represent the author of such a tribute to Roosevelt's foreign policy as a bitter and implacable Russophobe.

White is scrupulously fair in small things as well as in large. He sets down a favorable impression just as quickly and readily as an unfavorable one. For instance, soon after the episode with the silenced Tass correspondent, he tells how a genial NKVD official takes him and other Americans to a dance and encourages them to take part. When the party visits a church in Leningrad, he is careful to note that the presence of a government official inspires no signs of fear.

When and where he encounters instances of courage, devotion, efficiency, he says so. And when he finds cases of inhumanity, stupidity and incompetence he says so in exactly the same tone of voice. In short, out of his strenuous six weeks' trip he has distilled not a profound study of the Russian Revolution and its aftermath (he would be the first to repudiate such a claim for his unpretentious book), but a fine reporting job, covering a remarkably wide range of subjects with a remarkably high level of accuracy and fairness.

The attractive, human, readable style of his earlier books is there. But, because it deals with a bigger and more permanent subject, *Report on The Russians* is a more important

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book and should possess a wider and longer appeal than *Journey for Margaret*, *They Were Expendable*, or *Queens Die Proudly*.

So much for the book — a valuable, honest, unintimidated, human picture of Russia and the Russians, as of date 1944. Now what about the chorus of vituperation it aroused? Some of it was organized, highly organized, from pro-Communist sources. There are few more discreditable episodes in the record of American journalism than the action of a number of correspondents (sixteen, according to the report in the New York *Times*) in signing a blanket condemnation of a book which some of them obviously had not even read.

The intermediary in transmitting the proposed statement of protest from America to Russia was the National Council of Soviet-American Friendship, headed by Corliss Lamont, a name that speaks for itself. The statement carefully avoids any specific factual criticism of the book, and contains a truly extraordinary phrase that casts grave doubt on the ability of any of the signatories to present to the American reading public an objective picture of Soviet realities:

> The book has to be linked with the significance of ignorant and inimical groups here and in Europe, who seek to sharpen distrust and suspicion among the Allies.

Here is a slanderous suggestion, unsupported by a grain of factual evidence, that a book which gives every internal evidence of being the forthright, honest record of an American journalist is in some way mysteriously tied up with anonymous "ignorant and inimical groups." The gross impropriety of such an outburst on the part of individuals who, if they are in Russia, are dependent on the favors of the Soviet censor, and, if they are out of Russia, need the permission of the NKVD to return to that country, ought to impress the dullest mind. Nothing so humiliating to the dignity and independence of the newspaper profession occurred in the Moscow foreign journalistic colony during the twelve years I spent in the Soviet capital.

III

The sixteen names signed to this manifesto are well worth remembering. They are John Hersey, Quentin Reynolds, Richard Lauterbach, Robert Magidoff, Ralph Parker, Edgar Snow, James Aldridge, Raymond Arthur Davies, Jerome Davis, John Fisher, John Gibbons, Alexander Kendrick, David Nichol, Edmund Stevens, Alexander Werth and Ella Winter. Since they assume this tone of superior virtue in relation to White, it would be interesting to examine their correspondence, to follow their lectures and find out how honestly and forthrightly each one of them has dealt with the following indisputable facts of Soviet life:

1) The existence of a large and extremely cruel forced labor system.

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2) The control of all news emanating from the Soviet Union by a censorship whose strictness is only exceeded by its stupidity.

3) Striking inequalities in the standards of living between the "upper" and "lower" classes, all the more glaring because of the extreme poverty of the country.

4) Complete absence of freedom of speech and press and expression on all controversial political subjects.

5) The exercise by the NKVD of unlimited arbitrary power over the individual, including banishment without trial to forced labor and even execution.

6) Stalin's habitual bad faith in international relations, as exemplified in the violation of non-aggression treaties with Finland, Poland, Latvia, Lithuania and Esthonia, and complete disregard of the first three clauses of the Atlantic Charter.

I cannot claim that I have read everything that may have been written by the signatories of the statement so obligingly forwarded by Corliss Lamont's organization. But what I have read inspires the gravest doubt as to whether they were well advised to cast aspersions on the objectivity and accuracy of William L. White — or of anyone else, for that matter. They would do well to recall the parable of the glass houses.

The individual reviews in American publications are a little — but only a little — better than this journalistic lynching party, so disturbingly similar to the mass condemnations signed at the time of the Soviet treason trials. The reviewers all seem to start with what appears to me a highly dangerous and disturbing assumption: namely, that to lie about Russia, directly or indirectly, is in the nature of a moral imperative; that nothing must be said that could conceivably ruffle Stalin's presumably tender sensibilities. This degrades honest reporting to propaganda, and it is a good thing for America that there will always be men like William L. White who refuse to accept such a conception of their rôle, who cannot accept a ration system for truth or a preferential point system for untruth.

With tiresome monotony the critics attack White for attributing the drabness and dinginess of the Soviet Union to Communism, not to war. Perhaps he does not make the distinction so clear as it should be. But he scores a valid and indisputable answer on this point when he writes:

> Yes, I know there's a war on. And the British also are shabby. But you can tell that at one time their well-worn clothes were good, while these (the Russians') never were.

Francis Hackett sneers at White's remark about the effortful beauty of the Moscow subway and asks whether this is a "plea for effortless ugliness." But he doesn't play fair with his quotation. For the issue in White's mind was not between beauty and ugliness *per se*, but between the ornate decorations of the Moscow subway and a larger subway system that would have provided much greater

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convenience for many more people.

Bruce Bliven rambles and pontificates through two pages of the *New Republic* in order to reach two inane conclusions: that White's book may make the lot of political prisoners in Russia worse and may make harder the work of every foreign correspondent in Moscow.

The work of the honest correspondent can only be helped by White's vigorous and uninhibited presentation of Soviet realities. As for the work of the correspondent who tries to palm off Communist and fellow-traveller propaganda as objective reporting — well, the harder his work is made, the better for all concerned.

There is an amusing contradiction in practically all the reviews. The reviewer, whether he be named Hackett, Bliven, Gannett or Dulles, protests, no doubt quite sincerely, that he is devoted to the ideal of freedom. Then he works up to a high state of indignation with White for offering pretty convincing proof that a free system offers infinitely more than a dictatorial one in humanity, in the dignity that comes from freedom to speak one's mind, as well as in the material things of life.

The *New Republic* review is headed "Emporia Goes to Moscow." What is meant as a condescending sneer is really a compliment. For Emporia, like the thousands of American towns and villages of which it is a symbol, has a pretty decent scale of human values. No kulak has ever been liquidated in Emporia. No intellectual has ever been tortured into signing a false confession. No one in Emporia has ever tyrannized anyone else very formidably through abuse of either economic or political power. No one was ever deprived of life or liberty without due process of law. The Emporias of this country keep their faith in basic American ideals of individual liberty and political democracy — a faith that has worn dangerously thin among some self-imagined cosmopolitan intellectuals.

Abraham Lincoln was thinking of the Emporias of his time when he said that no one could fool all the people all the time. And that is why the Zaslavsky-led campaign to smear and slander and misrepresent a fine and transparently honest description of modern Russia will fail.

At the same time the scope and intensity of this campaign — a product of highly organized totalitarian propaganda and of the defeatist psychology of those whose fear of being labelled "Russophobe" has become a phobia itself — is a cause for disquiet and alarm. Those Americans, in the Emporias and elsewhere, who don't want to see our country chloroformed into the inglorious rôle of a Seventeenth Soviet Republic where no word of criticism of Stalin may be uttered, must be constantly vigilant.

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THE OPEN FORUM

WALTER LIPPMANN

SIR: I think Fred Rodell's piece on Walter Lippmann in the March issue was touched here and there with truth, but, on the whole, lacked the characteristic of a true portrait. Lippmann is better than your writer made him out to be in his presentation.

However, no man can be dogmatic in the field of opinion, and so I turn to a question as to your author's factuality:

I brought Lippmann to the *World*, and I am proud of it. It is true that Cobb died in 1923 (after a year's illness) and Lippmann took charge of the editorial page. On January 1, 1929, when my resignation from the paper became effective (I having been Executive Editor since 1920), he became editor of the paper.

You say, in 1931 "the *World* died." I regard that as untrue. The *World* was sold for a good round sum. It was sold because of the details of the will left by Joseph Pulitzer, which made the continuation of the property difficult in a time of great depression. (Pulitzer had sought to institutionalize his paper. He had selected Charles Evans Hughes to be chairman of his board of trustees. Hughes had accepted but that plan was burked by Hughes' appointment to the United States Supreme Court. Thereafter the will went through heavy mutation.)

Lippmann gave magnificent support to certain news crusades in which the *World* was engaged, although he had little to do with originating them. They included:

The Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armament.

What Rodell calls "the brilliant battle against the Ku Klux Klan," was another. (The paper had to have a cordon of police for months to protect the building against the threats of the Kluxers.)

The *World* did a fine job in the Teapot Dome Scandal.

It did several first-rate bits of exposure in the Jess Smith–Harry Daugherty scandals under Harding.

It stamped out peonage in certain of the southeastern states.

It forced changes in the shameful conditions under which the miners of West Virginia had been living.

The *World* received three medals from the School of Journalism at Columbia during this period and, while the awards were made on the basis of the paper's news activities, Lippmann's intelligent, effective, fair and convincing support played a part in the recognition. The paper reached its high point in circulation — 591,818 — in 1928.

We (I) organized on the *World* the "Op. Ed" page which included such men as Heywood Broun; F.P.A.; Alexander Woollcott; Laurence Stallings; William Bolitho; Deems Taylor; Dudley Nichols; Charles Michelson; Harry Hansen and others whose *feuilletons* ornamented that page from which facts were barred — opinions being more interesting if interestingly told.

The *World* made a fight in 1924 against intolerance, and in 1928 it believed the budding of a true democracy was at hand in the nomination of Alfred E. Smith. All of us fought for that, for we believed in Smith — not in Tammany Hall — a true Democrat. And Walter Lippmann had a great part in that attitude.

If my letter seems to smack of the first person perpendicular, it is because of the fact that for a decade Lippmann's and my professional activities were closely interwoven. In writing of his daily newspaper experience I am forced to write of myself.

That association enables me to speak with some authority when I say that, in my opinion, Walter Lippmann means much to American thought; he is a guide, philosopher and friend in life and politics.

HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE

New York City.

SIR: Mr. Swope graciously saves me the trouble of pointing out just why he felt forced to rush to Walter Lippmann's defense. His strangely un-

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substantiated generalizations about my article would impress me — and bother me — a great deal more if they came from a disinterested source. In fact, I take it as a perhaps unwitting compliment that Mr. Swope was apparently unable to discover a single factual inaccuracy in what I wrote — unless he really wants to quibble over whether the *World* "died" when it stopped publication as an independent newspaper.

FRED RODELL

Santa Fe, N. M.

SIR: As a reader of your magazine and an admirer of the class and caliber of your articles and the liberalism displayed by your magazine, I was shocked to read the venomous article on Walter Lippmann by Professor Rodell in the March issue. This article is not comparable to the objective articles written by the same author on Dewey and Willkie. In this instance the writer in your publication seems to have gone far afield in deliberately tearing apart the reputation of a columnist and author in a most vicious and destructive way with apparently no useful purpose to be served. Whether or not one is an admirer of Walter Lippmann's writing, it is beyond understanding that another publication would descend to the level of merely trying to tell the American people that they are being duped by someone whom they have the free will to read or not, as they see fit. If the same tactics of quoting everything that a man said for the last twenty-five years were employed, from the President of the United States down, the record would be replete with inconsistencies and statements that time proved to be erroneous. This is especially true of anyone who undertakes to write every day, and the effect of the criticisms becomes even more unfair when a man obviously in many instances distorts the circumstances by merely quoting phrases from an entire article. No one is clairvoyant and no one can lay claim to perfection. Who throughout the universe has been able to foresee or to be right on all of the kaleidoscopic events of the last twenty years? A further viciousness of the article is also evidenced by the fact that the claims of Lippmann's vision, profundity or liberalism were not claims made by him but by those who sought to advertise his columns and his books.

Why don't you look into the record of Professor Rodell in the days before America entered the war? Perhaps you will be surprised to find on which side of the fence he was. I would say that he is in no position to criticize either the capabilities or the integrity of Walter Lippmann. Right or wrong, Mr. Lippmann's record is an honest one and the fact remains that he has been on the right side of questions much more often than on the wrong — far more so than any other columnist in the country.

The most crass reader could not help but detect that this article has nothing in it in the sense of fair play or a fair approach. At best it is motivated by feelings of petty jealousy and probably personal dislike. At worst it may well be considered as an attempt to discredit a man who seems to be more interested in the rôle that America will play in international affairs after the war than is indicated by Professor Rodell in his writings.

ARTHUR J. NEUMARK

New York City.

STALIN OUTWITS SHAW

SIR: The article published in your issue of February last and entitled "Stalin Outwits Shaw" is certainly a stupid lie.

George Bernard Shaw did not visit Russia in 1937 but in 1931. He may have gone into churches, as your contributor states, yet no report of his interview with Stalin mentions declarations such as the article details.

Hesketh Pearson in his biography of Shaw deals with the interview during which Stalin was asked if Lloyd George would be well received in Russia. Stalin replied that since Lloyd George had been the head of a government which had made war on the Soviet Union he could be welcomed only if he came privately. Shaw then wanted to hear if Churchill could also count on a welcome as a private tourist. Stalin said that he most certainly could for, he added, the Soviet government had good reason to be grateful to Churchill. When telling this story later, Shaw explained that Churchill, who was Secretary of War at the time, had handed over to the counter-revolutionary forces in Russia military equipment costing more than a hundred million pounds, part of a sum which Parliament had voted for the war against Germany. The newly raised Red Army defeated these counter-revolutionaries, capturing most of their supplies, and so had been able to clothe and arm itself with the material so generously provided by Churchill.

As usual the truth is more interesting than the lie. Why not publish the truth?

FRANCIS LISMORE

Havana, Cuba.

SIR: With regard to Mr. Lismore's letter, he is right in his first statement: George Bernard Shaw visited Russia in the summer of 1931.

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As for the rest of it, I can only reply that Mr. Lismore was not there, and I was.

The Shaw visit lasted ten days, and I was with Mr. Shaw most of the time. He liked having me around; even at 76, which he was then, he had an eye for the ladies. Also as I had been in Russia for three years and had learned the language, he wanted to hear all I could tell him about actual conditions. (Incidentally, it was at Mr. Shaw's written request that I did the same for his friends Sidney and Beatrice Webb; they came to see me in Moscow with a letter of introduction from Shaw.)

Mr. Shaw did not like banquets, but he did like visiting churches. Professor Lunacharsky and Constantine Umansky, later ambassador in Mexico, who were attached to the Astor-Shaw party as guides and interpreters, did their utmost to prevent this by arranging a full day's round of visits. However, with the aid of George Walker, British Embassy's first secretary, we managed to contrive it; between the hours of five and seven in the afternoon, when Mr. Shaw was supposed to be resting, Walker would come into the hotel and take Lunacharsky or Umansky, whoever happened to be on duty, off for a drink in the bar, and I would slip upstairs and get Mr. Shaw out the back way, and we would go off on a round of churches. It gave Mr. Shaw great satisfaction, I remember, to discover that, despite the anti-godless campaign which was then going strong, the churches were still well patronized. When Mr. Shaw went up to Leningrad, the British Consul General, William Bullard, now Sir Reeder Bullard, British Minister in Teheran, "kidnapped" Shaw at my suggestion, and took him to see the Kazansky Sabor, which had been converted into an anti-religious museum, and several other Russian churches still open. It was Mr. Bullard who first told me that Mr. Shaw, being tired, had mistaken some kneeling Russians for a pew in the dimly lit church, and sat down on one of them.

I do not know what Mr. Shaw told Hesketh Pearson about his interview with Stalin, but I do know what he told me. The conversations, he told me, were general at first with the entire party — Lord and Lady Astor and Lord Lothian (the late Marquis of Lothian) participating. Then he and Stalin retired in a corner and with Lunacharsky interpreting, they wrangled amiably about Marxism, Socialism and Fabianism, with Mr. Shaw telling Stalin that he was the oldest Marxist of them all. Mr. Shaw's quip to Stalin, which I reported in THE MERCURY, was made toward the end of the interview, in answer to Stalin's question as to whether he, Shaw, had found much to criticize as a Marxist. Mr. Shaw intended his sally to be taken as a joke and was surprised, and a little outraged, that Stalin took it seriously and answered in the words I quoted.

As for the last statement in Mr. Lismore's letter, I do not for the life of me see what he means.

RHEA G. CLYMAN

New York City.

THE SOUTH AND THE NEGRO

SIR: I have read Mr. Rutledge's article, "What If The South Should Be Right?" in the December issue. I wish to say that as long as the South is considered as a minority, the Negro in the South will present a peculiar problem different from any problem faced in our country today. All of us agree that for a long time the South has been backward in regard to cultural advancements. Since the South as a whole has made little or no advancements, one would not expect Negroes to advance because he has not been exposed to any great number of cultural changes.

Comparing plantation Negroes with Negroes of other regions would be like comparing the white sharecropper of the South with the financial wizards of Wall Street. The plantation Negroes and the sharecroppers are in the same category as far as the economic system of the South is concerned. This system has always depended upon cheap labor. Illiteracy and cheap labor run hand in hand in this system. If this system were abolished, there would be less prejudice.

Mr. Rutledge makes the typical error of taking a few isolated cases and forming conclusions about 14,000,000 people. He is undoubtedly voicing the opinion of the majority of rural Southerners. The urban Southerner has a much different opinion.

Race prejudice in the South has become an institution. It has been handed down from one generation to another. If one was asked why he was prejudiced, he would give you an answer not based on sound reasoning but based upon emotions.

Until there is a non-biased investigation of the causes of race prejudice and the application of counter-measures to prevent this evil from growing, we in America will surely always have a race problem with us.

WILLIAM G. REID

Washington, D. C.

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(*Continued from page 516*)

munist, an old Conservative, and the charming niece of Confucian Wang — their host and moderator — are the protagonists of war-bound China. The bitter rivalry of the Kuomintang and the Communist Party; the aims of the seven other minority party-groups; the plans for a democratic constitution, education and industrialization; the issue of birth control, land distribution, militarization, the acceptance of foreign capital — all these sober facts are blended with the wit and wisdom of the ancient sages to compound a mellow yet sparkling little book.

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extremely readable, simple style merely serves to underline the horror of the region and the drama of the battle.

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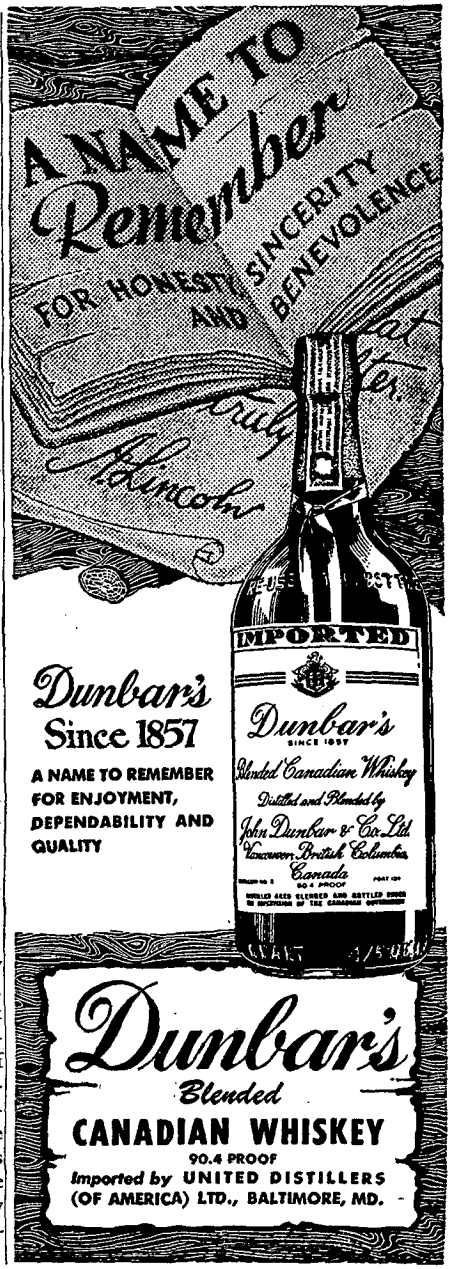

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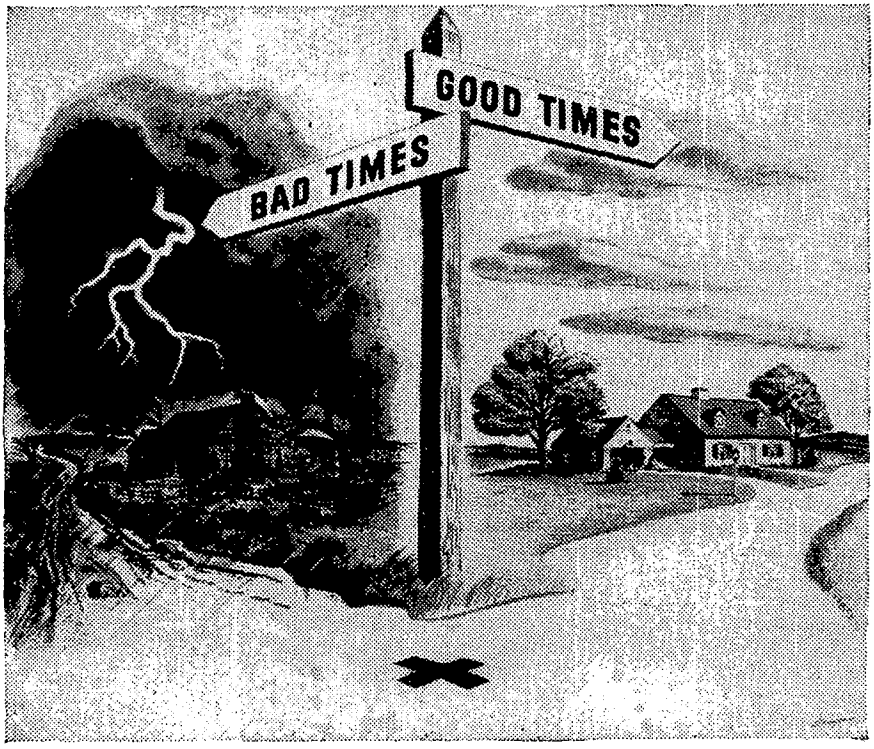

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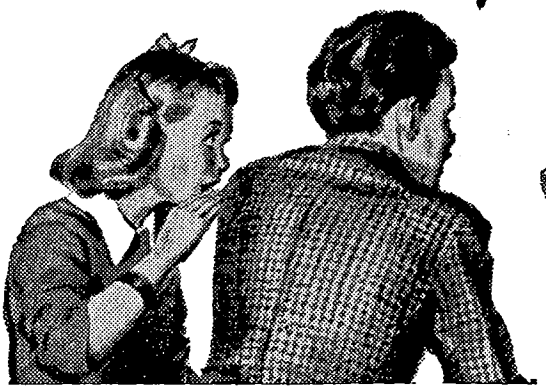

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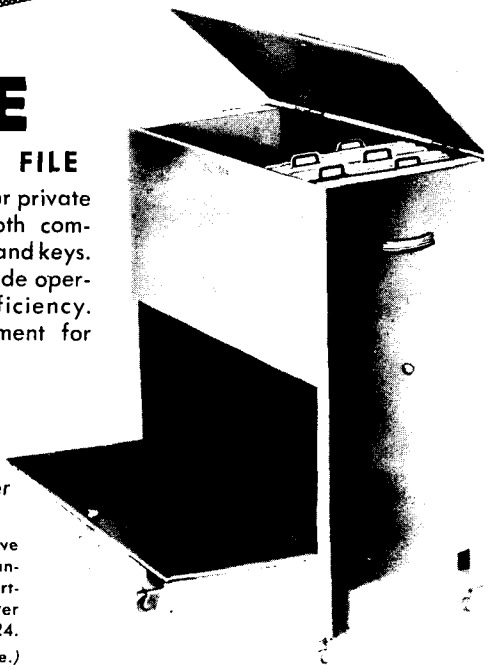

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